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STORIES OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

By Charles Lowe.

THE FIGHTING GORDONS AT DARGAI—ONE OF THE MOST DARING CHARGES IN RECENT WARFARE.

The British victory at Dargai, which has lately given so much prominence to the Gordon Highlanders, was one of those rare instances of sheer enthusiasm and bravery achieving what cool military judgment had pronounced to be impossible. To reach the foot of the Dargai cliff the assailants had to cross a space perhaps a hundred and fifty yards wide which was entirely open to the enemy's fire from three different points on the top of the cliff. Then, for ascending the cliff there was but one path, a rough, zigzag watercourse, so narrow as to permit not more than two men to mount abreast. An assault was ordered on the morning of October 20th. The natives on the crest reserved their fire until the moment when it would be most fatal; only the smallest fraction of the assaulting column got across the open to the base of the cliff, and the attempt had to be abandoned, the commanding officer reporting that the passage could not be made. But word came back that it must be made, and the Gordon Highlanders and the Third Sikhs were sent forward to reinforce the assaulting line. Then it was that the colonel of the Highlanders called to them, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

"The order was given," writes a correspondent from the field, "the officers leapt into the open, the pipers followed, striking up the 'Cock o' the North,' and with a shout the leading company of kilted men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through, and past them, the bullets churning up a dust which half hid the rushing bodies. The leading line melted away, and it seemed that the Gordons would be annihilated; but more sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. Then there was a lull, and one had time to see how cruel had been the slaughter. With a second cheer the mixed troops—Highlanders, Dorsets, Ghurkas, Derbys, and Sikhs—streamed across, and the enemy, seeing that the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and barricades and fled precipitately down the reverse slopes. It is impossible to describe that passage fully or to write of the Gordons temperately. One of the pipers leading his section was shot through both legs, yet he sat through the fire, wounded as he was, still piping the 'Cock o' the North.'"—Editor.

THE martial feats performed on some of the most formidable warriors in the world, at the storming of the Dargai ridge, among the mountains of the Indian frontier, have lately directed attention anew to the famous Scottish corps, the Gordon Highlanders, known as the Ninety-second. It dates back to the year 1794, when more soldiers were wanted to fight the battles which the ambition of the French had made imperative on England, and the Duke of Gordon, known as "The Cock o' the North," was granted a "letter of service" empowering him to raise a regiment of infantry among his clansmen. This was in February, and by the month

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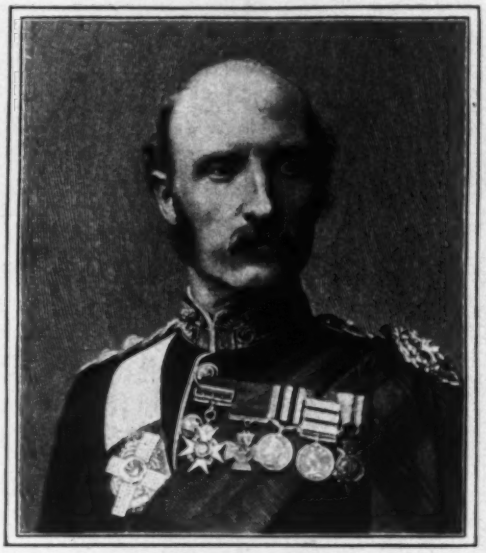
of June—so easy had it been to procure recruits—a magnificent battalion of over a thousand strong paraded at Aberdeen, ready to go anywhere and do anything. They were at once sent to the Mediterranean, but it was five years before they received their baptism of fire, in the attempt to wrest Holland from the grasp of the French. In their eagerness to be the first to land, the impetuous Gordons lost fifteen of their number by drowning. After some futile marching and countermarching, the British commander—the Duke of York—determined to deliver a crushing blow at the French position round Egmont-op-Zee, and with this intent sent to his right front, along the sandy seashore, twenty pieces of artillery.



SIR G. S. WHITE, WHO LED THE GORDONS AT CHARASIAB AND CANDAHAR. HE WAS AFTERWARDS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

Divining his object, the French launched against these guns a column of six thousand infantry with intent to snap them up—a task which seemed all the easier as they were only escorted by about a battalion of what appeared to them to be mere petticoated Amazons who could be dispersed like chaff.

Alas for the French hopes of swallowing up all the British artillery, it was the Gordons who had the "guidin' o't;" and the Gordons, believing the best parry to be the thrust, rushed forward to meet the advancing foe, whose numbers were more than six to one, and, with a wild cheer, flung themselves on the Frenchmen with the bayonet. But the Gordons were able to emblazon their colors with their first victory only at the cost of sixty-five killed and 208 wounded, the latter including their colonel, the Marquis of Huntly.

General Sir John Moore himself was among the wounded, and had to be carried off the field by two Gordons. Afterwards he offered twenty pounds to the soldiers who had done for him this Samaritan service, but, though the reward was offered to the regiment on parade, *no man stepped forward to claim the fee.* Afterwards, when Moore was knighted, and assumed a coat of arms, he selected a Highlander for one of his supporters, "in gratitude to, and commemoration of, two soldiers of the Ninety-second, who raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned."

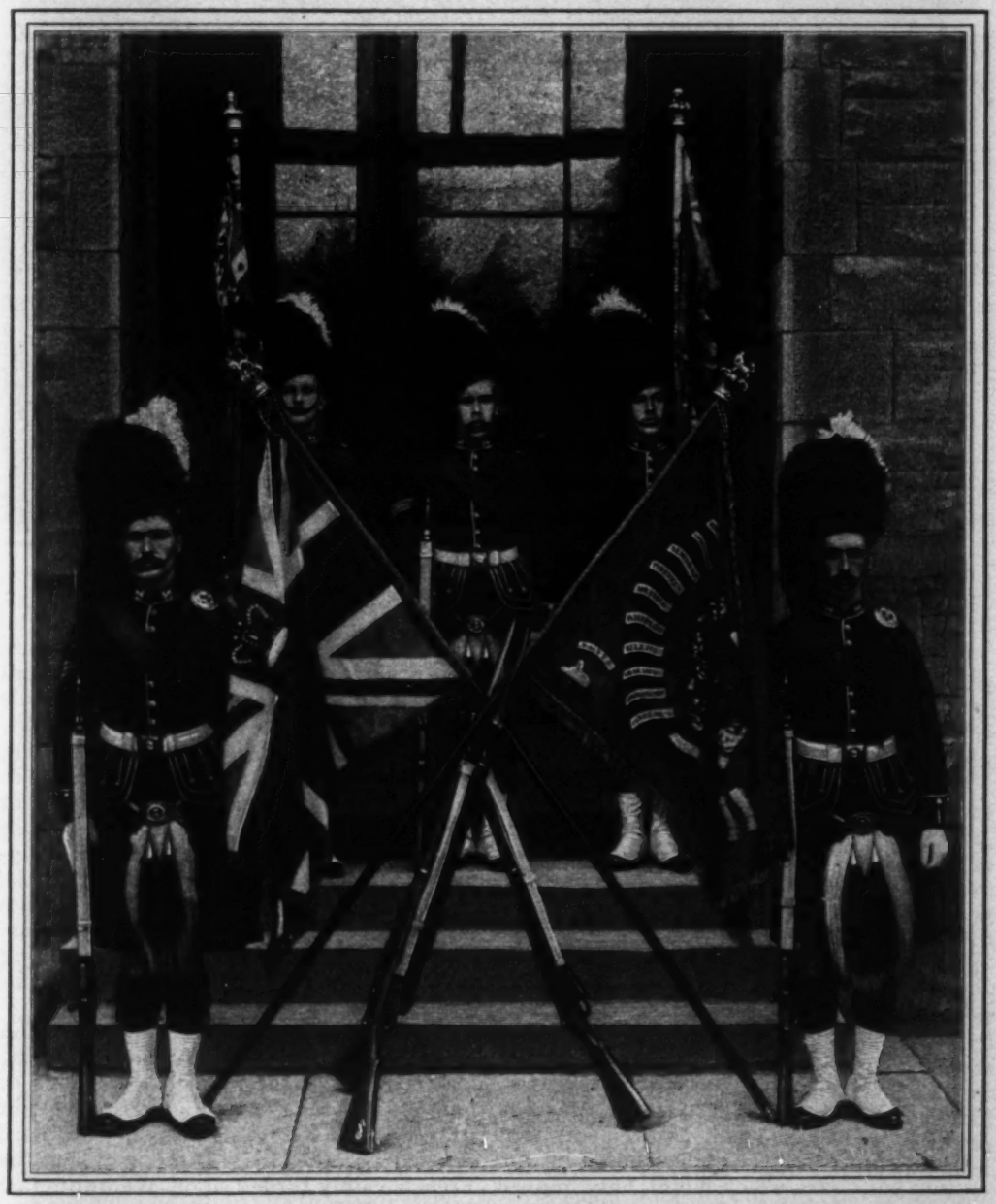
The Gordons were next sent to help against the French in Egypt. No amount of desperate valor on the part of the Napoleonic "Invincibles" could avail to roll back the fiery tide of battle which was presently poured in upon them by such regiments as the Gordons, the Black Watch, the Camerons, the Ninetieth "Perthshire Greybreeks," and other British regiments, which, in the teeth of a terrific cannonade, landed on the shore of Aboukir, swept the French from their semi-circular crest of dominating sand-hills as one would sweep a floor with a broom, established themselves on the heights of Mandora, and defied all efforts on the part of Bonaparte's infuriated legions to counter-assault them into the sea. At the first attack on the heights of Mandora the Gordons headed the left column of the army into action; nor, though set upon by a semi-brigade and exposed to a galling fire of grapeshot, did they falter for a moment, but continued unshaken their advance to the very muzzles of the guns, of which they captured three, routing all their defenders and possessing themselves of the right of the position—a feat which compelled the French to fall back under the walls of Alexandria.

Again, the losses—including the death of their colonel, Erskine of Cardross—were very heavy, so much so that the decimated regiment was compassionately ordered back to Aboukir. But, on their way thither, several days later, the Gordons suddenly heard the sound of firing in their rear, and, rightly concluding that the French, with the aid of reinforcements,

had sallied forth again to counter-attack the British position, they wheeled round, in spite of all their wounds and sickness, and hurried back to their previous station in the fighting line, taking a prominent part in what proved to be the victorious battle of Alexandria, which practically decided the campaign.

Their next service was of a ceremonial kind, as, on returning to England, the "Gay Gordons" were called upon to lend an element of picturesqueness to the streets of London by lining them with their statuesque figures on the day when Nelson was borne to his resting-place beneath the sky-aspiring dome of St. Paul's.

Then, after taking a leading part in the Danish campaign, which ended in the reduction of Copenhagen and the surrender of the Danish fleet, they were sent to Spain, which England had undertaken to purge of the French, and plucked fresh



COLORS (OLD AND NEW) OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
From a photograph by Maclure, MacDonald & Co., Glasgow.

laurels at Corunna, whither Sir John Moore, like a second Xenophon, had retired before an overwhelming French army, commanded by Soult, in order to gain his ships.

But, before embarking on their vessels, it was necessary that the 14,000 British should secure themselves against all hindrance in the operation by beating the more than 20,000 of their pursuers. Accordingly they turned and fronted the French, who, descending the surrounding hills, came on with great impetuosity, but only to have their furious battalions broken to pieces by the bullets, especially by the bayonets, of Moore's determined regiments.

The center of his position had been gravely imperiled by the giving out of the ammunition of the Forty-second Highlanders, who were waging a terrific struggle with the French for the possession of the village of Elvina. But at this crisis Moore himself galloped up and shouted, "My brave Highlanders! You have still got your bayonets! Remember Egypt!" and their ensuing charge decided the day.

Far away on the left there was also raging a furious conflict, where Hope's Division, which included the Gordons, was budging never an inch and doggedly barring the French advance. "How goes it on the left? How fares it with the Gordons?" "True to their motto, 'Bydand,' standing ever fast, and their warpipes lilting above the loudest din of battle, though their colonel (Napier) is slain." From lilting they changed to a mournful lullaby when the heroic Moore was laid in his coffinless rest "with his martial cloak around him;" but again they struck up a stirring air, the mocking strains of "Hey, Johnnie Cope," when the British fleet of transports gaily sailed away from Corunna with all the victorious battalions aboard, waving the kindliest of kisses to their baffled French pursuers.

Having thus so materially helped Moore to prevent Soult from "driving the English leopard into the sea" at Corunna, the "Gay Gordons," a little later, played an equally prominent part in assisting Wellington himself to balk the sworn determination of Masséna to toss the British into the Tagus. On proceeding, however, to carry out this terrific purpose, Masséna found, to his no small amazement, that Wellington had meanwhile fronted his position with lines which might have moved the admiration of the Romans—triple lines of fortification, fifty miles in aggregate length, including 150 redoubts, mounted with 600 guns, and the flower of England's infantry, including the gallant Gordons, now commanded by Cameron of Fassifern, behind them. On arriving in Portugal to help in manning those famous ramparts of Torres Vedras, the Highlanders—whose picturesque garb and martial mien appealed strongly to the imagination of the inhabitants—were acclaimed with shouts of "*Viva los Escotos! Viva Don Juan Cameron et sus valiante Escotos!*" ("Long live the Scots! Long live Sir John Cameron and his valiant Scots.")

Unable to make any impression on Wellington's triple lines of intrenchment, and reduced to despair by the pangs of hunger, Masséna had no alternative but to retire, and his retreat was in turn hard pressed by the Iron Duke. When the French vainly turned upon Wellington at Fuentes d'Onoro, in the proportion of three to four, the Gordons were posted on

Piper Third, was at Malakand and in Egyptian War with 1st Battalion. Drummer Stanley.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Bandmaster Windram. Sergeant Angus. Sergeant-Major Robertson. Sergeant Grassick, severely wounded at Dargai. Private Sutherland.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

From a photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

the right, as at Egmont-op-Zee, to cover a brigade of nine-pounders, where they endured a severe cannonade, which killed and wounded five and thirty of their officers and men. But they had still a finer opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the ensuing surprise at Arroya des Molinos, when, with the Seventy-first Highlanders, they helped to surprise and capture all the stores and baggage of Gérard's division on a dark and misty October morning.

But the same pair of Highland regiments were afterwards despatched on a still more daring enterprise than the capture of Arroya des Molinos, to wit, the surprise and storming of the forts guarding the pontoon bridge of Almarez over the Tagus, which formed the sole means of communication between the armies of Soult and Marmont. Fort Napoleon, on the left bank of the river, was stormed with frightful carnage; but then the commander of Fort Ragusa, on the opposite side of the Tagus, cut away the bridge; and how, therefore, were the stormers to cross and complete their capture of the whole position?

The problem was at once solved by several of the Gordon Highlanders who, tossing aside their bonnets, plunged into the stream and breasted their stubborn way to the further bank, whence they at once returned with the pontoons, which enabled their comrades to cross and capture Fort Ragusa. Gall and Somerville—the two Gordons who had been the first to plunge into the river—were presented by Lord Hill with a gold doubloon each in view of the whole regiment. Had they been Gordons of our own day, they would have been presented with the Victoria Cross. "Almarez" is one of the proudest names on the colors of the Ninety-second.

But not more so than the crowning mercy of Vittoria, where Wellington, by a

magnificent flank march, out-manœuvred King Joseph Bonaparte, totally defeating his huge army, and captured all his cannon, baggage, military chest, and stores, and at last sent the Napoleonic armies reeling home to France.

Brigaded with the Seventy-first Highlanders, the Gordons were ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, which formed the key to the French position, their orders from Sir William Stuart—known to his men as "Auld Grog Willie"—being to "yield them to none without a written order from Sir Rowland Hill or myself, and defend them while you have a man remaining." On this, Cameron of Fassifern ordered the pipers to strike up the "Cameron's Gathering," and the regiment advanced with invincible determination up the mountain side to sanguinary conflict and victory. But far more bloody than the battle of Vittoria was the ensuing action at Maya, the Rock of which, in the pass of the same name, the Highlanders had been ordered to hold at all costs against five-fold odds. For ten successive hours these brave fellows—the targets of an infernal artillery and musketry fire—held the Rock until their ammunition was exhausted and human flesh and blood could stand on the defensive no longer. By "Auld Grog Willie" they had been strictly enjoined not to charge, but, exasperated by the slaughter they had endured, the Gordons *for the first time disregarded orders*, and hurled themselves on the French with the bayonet.

They had gone into action a little over 800 strong, and when the charge was over, their number was only a little more than a half of that, Cameron himself being among the wounded. "So dreadful was the slaughter," wrote Napier, the historian of the war, "that the assault of the enemy was actually stopped by the heaped up masses of dead and dying. . . . The stern valor of the Ninety-second would have graced Thermopylæ."

But perhaps their most dashing achievement in the long campaign was their fording of a stream and extrusion of the French from a village (Arriverete) where they were endeavoring to destroy a wooden bridge. For this brilliant feat, which secured the passage of Wellington's army across the river, their colonel was granted, as crest, a Gordon Highlander, up to the middle in water, grasping in his right hand a broadsword, and in his left a banner inscribed "92nd" within a leaf of laurel.

From the Peninsular War no regiment emerged with more laurels than the Gordon Highlanders; and when Napoleon escaped from Elba and again unfurled his rapacious eagles, the Ninety-second was one of the first regiments sent to the front to clip their wings. "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was the pibroch to which, with the gallant Cameron again at their head, they footed it out of Brussels on a beautiful summer morning of 1815, after the famous ball given to the officers of Wellington's army in Belgium by the Duchess of Richmond.

"The Forty-second (Black Watch) and Ninety-second (Gordon Highlanders)," wrote an eye witness, "marched through the Place Royale and the Parc. One could not but admire their fine appearance, their steady military demeanor, with their pipers playing before them, the beams of the rising sun shining on their glittering arms. On many a Highland hill and in many a lowland village will the deeds of these brave men be remembered. It was impossible to watch such a sight unmoved." Some of the officers marched in their silk socks and dancing pumps, which they had had no time to change.

The Gordons were brigaded with the Royal Scots and the Black Watch, forming part of Picton's Division—as fine a Scottish brigade as ever leveled bayonets; and the same day Wellington came upon the French, under Marshal Ney, at Quatre Bras. The duke himself was nearly taken prisoner, and only owed his escape to an order he promptly gave to a section of the Ninety-second to lie down in the ditch they were lining while he jumped his horse over them. The duke himself was much with the Gordons that day. "Ninety-second," he cried, "don't let that fellow escape." "Ninety-second," he again called out, "don't fire till I tell you;" for the Gordons were as eager for the fray as the Ninety-third Highlanders afterwards were at Balaklava.

Presently, however, the duke gave them the rein when several regiments of heavy French cavalry came surging on, and then the plumed bonnets of the Gordons rose darkly in a line from the ditch, while a stream of fire was poured into the prancing column, throwing it into utter confusion. Again the French horsemen charged, and again they were repulsed. Forming under cover of this cavalry attack, a heavy column of French infantry advanced against Picton's Division; and the duke, waving his hat, cried: "Ninety-second, prepare to charge!"

THE GORDONS AND THE SCOTS GREYS AT WATERLOO.

From an engraving of the painting by Stanley Berkeley. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., Limited, London and Manchester.

On this the whole regiment rose from the ditch as one man, closed in, and, dashing with their bayonets through the smoke, put the French to immediate rout.

But their noble leader, Cameron, the hero of so many fields, fell, fatally struck by a bullet from a farmhouse held by the French. At this a wild roar rose from the ranks of "the lads he loved so well," and in another five minutes every soul in the farmhouse had been bayoneted. "Where is the rest of the regiment?" asked Picton in the evening. Alas, half the "Gay Gordons" had perished in the fray.

And yet two days later, on the 18th of June, under Major Donald MacDonald, they again did wonders on the rain-sodden, ensanguined field of Waterloo; and never in all the annals of British warfare was there a more stirring incident than when the Gordons seized hold of the stirrups of the Scots Greys and dashed down the slope with them in one common charge of Scotland's fiercest horse and foot against the finest troops of France. "Scotland forever!" was the thrilling shout of the Greys as they dashed past their kilted countrymen, who responded to the cry with the wildest enthusiasm, while the strains of the pipers intensified the national fervor. An officer of the Ninety-second records in his memoirs that, on the advance of a heavy French column to attack La Haye Sainte, many of the Highlanders struck up the stirring verses of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

After this brilliant effort, Sir Denis Pack rode up to the regiment and said, "You have saved the day, Highlanders, but you must return to your position—there is more work to do." And the Gordons—standing ever "Bydand" in bayonet-bristling square, line, or column—contributed greatly to the glorious victory which shattered the despotic power of Napoleon forever into the dust.

It was the "Daring Duchess" of Gordon who had raised the Ninety-second Highlanders; her son, the Marquis of Huntly, had been their first commander; it was her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo; it was the Gordon Highlanders who gleaned so great a share of glory in that stupendous fight; and it was a member of the clan, George Gordon, Lord Byron, who immortalized the conflict in the well-known verses beginning, "There was a sound of revelry by night;" so that there now appeared to be more truth than ever in the north country saying that "the Gordons ha'e the guidin' o't."

Reaping golden opinions of their physique and discipline wherever they went on garrison duty—the West Indies, Ireland, and the Mediterranean stations—it was nevertheless some considerable time before they were again in a position to pluck fresh laurels with the points of their bayonets. Waterloo was followed by what was called the Forty Years' Peace. When that peace was at last broken by the Crimean war, the Gordons were again at Gibraltar; and though many of their number eagerly volunteered into the Highland regiments in front of Sebastopol, the Ninety-second itself only reached the Tauric Chersonese in time to witness the final humiliation of the Russians.

Its luck during the ensuing Mutiny in India was almost as bad, its lot being thrown in the Central Provinces. There it performed some marvels of marching under torrid heat and every kind of hardship; but the record of its brilliant feats in this respect was destined to be lowered by the famous march which it was called upon to execute when next engaged against an enemy. For, chancing to be in India in 1878, the regiment was ordered to join the little army of retribution with which General Sir Frederick Roberts was sent to exact vengeance on the Afghans and their fickle ruler, Yakub Khan, for their treacherous and barbarous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and the other members of the British Mission at Cabul. Forward pushed the little force, and at Charasiab, about a dozen miles from Cabul (the objective of the expedition), its advance was found to be barred by the whole Afghan army, plentifully supplied with artillery and with firearms scarcely inferior to those of the British.

But in spite of the formidable nature of their hill-top position, the fierceness of their fighting men, and the vast superiority of their numbers, they were at once attacked. The Gordons stormed up three heights in succession, and captured sixteen guns at the point of the bayonet. The final charge was led by Major White—who afterwards succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India—in a manner which gained him the Victoria Cross, the highest distinction attainable by a British soldier "for valor" before the foe.

Fearing that neither rifle nor artillery fire would dislodge the foe, he resolved to storm the heights. Advancing with two

companies of his regiment, and climbing from one steep ledge to another, he came upon a body of the enemy strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by eighteen to one. His men being very much exhausted, and immediate action necessary, Major White took a rifle, and, going on by himself, shot dead the leader of the enemy. Then his Highlanders, thus encouraged, rushed on with a ringing cheer, captured the enemy's mountain guns, and rolled him back to Cabul.

A GHURKA. FROM A STUDY BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

In the various engagements round Cabul the Gordons were ever to the front; and another Victoria Cross fell to their share through the heroic conduct of Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham, now commanding the second battalion of the regiment, whose exploit was thus recounted by General Roberts himself:

"It was a race between the Highlanders and the Afghans as to which should gain the crest of the ridge first. The artillery came into action at a range of 1,200 yards, and under cover of their fire the Ninety-second, supported by the Guides, rushed up the steep slopes. They were met by a furious onslaught, and a desperate conflict took place. The leading officer, Lieutenant Forbes, a lad of great promise, was killed, and Color-Sergeant Drummond fell by his side. For a moment even the brave Highlanders were staggered by the numbers and fury of the antagonists, but only for a moment. Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham sprang forward to cheer them on, and confidence was restored. The Highlanders, with a wild shout, threw themselves on the Afghans, and quickly succeeded in driving them down the further side of the ridge."

But now came the supreme effort of the war. A serious disaster to another Anglo-Indian force at Maiwand drove its relics into Candahar, which the Afghans were quick to invest. General Roberts at once started for the relief with a little army of about 10,000, of whom only 2,800 were British. But then these British included the flower of England's Highland soldiery. From Cabul to Candahar the distance is 320 miles. It is customary in a long march to allow two days' rest in each week; yet Roberts granted the force but a single day's repose in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Its average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. "As a feat of marching," says Archibald Forbes, "by a regular force of 10,000 men, encumbered with baggage, transport, and followers, this achievement is unique."

A battle was at once fought in front of Candahar, and it was the irresistible charge of the Gordons which decided the day. "The Ninety-second, under Major White, led the way," wrote Forbes, "covered by the fire of a field battery, and supported by the Fifth Ghurkas and the Twenty-third Pioneers. Springing out from a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well. Their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes joined in a sharp cross fire, their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe; but they took the Afghan guns at the point

of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Ghurkas and the Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men."

On their way home to England after the Afghan war, the Gordons were deflected to South Africa to take part in the campaign against the Boers of the Transvaal (1881); and it was here, at Majuba Hill, that they encountered their first serious reverse. This was owing to the fact that 180 of them were detached to form part of a heterogeneous force of about 550 men, drawn from a variety of regiments, and commanded by officers new to them — a force devoid of unity and proper cohesion, which accordingly fell to pieces when suddenly set upon by an overwhelming number of Boer marksmen — the more so as it also ran short of ammunition, and had to use stones as missiles where bullets were no longer available. That the company of Gordons left more than three-fourths of their number on the ground was proof enough of the doggedness with which they had defended an impossible position.

COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C., WHOSE HEROISM INSPIRED THE GORDONS TO A VICTORIOUS CHARGE NEAR CABUL IN 1878 AND WON HIM THE VICTORIA CROSS. HE IS NOW COMMANDER OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Equally annoying was another misfortune which befell them in South Africa, and that was their organic combination with another Scottish battalion—the Seventy-fifth, to form a new regiment under the reforming short-service and linked-battalion system of Mr. Cardwell. Wherever any British regiment consisted of only one battalion, and most of them did that, it was now to be linked with another, so that each battalion on foreign service should have a feeding one at home. The worst of it was that the old Ninety-second was to form the second battalion of a new regiment of Gordon Highlanders thus created, while the Seventy-fifth, by reason of its priority of original creation, was to become the first; and it was amusing to see how each of those distinguished battalions, animated with its own particular *esprit de corps*, resented the military marriage of convenience which had now been thrust upon them.

But there was no reason why the Gordons should have demurred to their association with the old Seventy-fifth (or Stirlingshire) Highlanders, seeing that the latter now brought to the common emblazonry of the new regimental colors such proud names as Mysore, Seringapatam, Delhi, and Lucknow — at all of which places the Stirlingshire men had performed storming feats of a most brilliant kind.

It was their first battalion (the old Seventy-fifth) which now began to emblazon the common colors with fresh names of honor. It was this battalion which, in 1882, formed part of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade that was the first to overtop the entrenchments of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. "It was a noble sight," wrote their commander, "to see the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders mingled together in the confusion of the fight, their young officers leading with waving swords, their pipes screaming, and the bright gleam in the eyes of the men which you only see in the hour of successful battle."

At El-Teb it was the Gordons, and their fiery rivals of the Black Watch, who bore the brunt of the Dervish battle; while at Tamai it was the steadiness of Buller's square, partly formed by the Gordons, which saved the day when the other square, fronted by the Black Watch, had been dented in by the devilish onrush of the Hadendowas.

Again, the new Gordons took part in the expedition for the relief of their namesake, the gallant General Gordon of Khartoum; and they gained the second of the prizes offered by Lord Wolseley to the battalions which should make the quickest passage in their oar-propelled

THE FINAL CHARGE AT CANDAHAR: LED BY THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND SUPPORTED BY THE FIFTH GHURKA. FROM THE PAINTING BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This charge victoriously terminated the battle at Candahar and the Afghan War. "Most of the men in the picture," the artist writes, "were studied from soldiers who had actually been in the charge." The artist's personal relation to the Gordon Highlanders adds interest to the picture: his father was a member of the regiment and commanded it, and his brother served with it in Afghanistan and on the Nile.

whaleboats up the Nile. With their Egyptian laurels still fresh upon their brows, the first battalion of the Gordons returned to India. It was a Colin Campbell who had led them, after the storming of Delhi, to the relief of Lucknow; and now, in turn, they were called upon to hurry to the succor of another Colin Campbell, who, with other members of a British mission, was closely besieged in the old hill-fort of Chitral, among the mountains of India's northwestern frontier. It was a Scotsman, Dr. (now Sir George) Robertson, who was chief of this political mission; it was another Scotsman, Sir Robert Low, who was appointed to command the expedition despatched for his relief; and the backbone of the little army, which mustered with such magnificent promptness and precision, consisted of the Gordons, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Scottish Borderers.

COLONEL H. H. MATHIAS, C. B., WHO LED THE GORDONS IN THE CHARGE AT DARGAI; HE IS COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION.

Swiftly advancing from the muster-ground at Peshawur, and heading for the hills, General Low found the fierce and warlike hordes of Umra Khan crowning the entrenched mountain-brows of the Malakand Pass—a defile by which it is supposed that Alexander the Great had led his conquering legions down into the plains of India. After shelling for some time the heights occupied in such force by the fierce Pathan tribesmen, Low ordered an attack, the Gordons being on the right, and the Borderers in the center of the assaulting line.

With their pipes playing their most martial pibroch, the Brigade sprang up the mountain side, and soon reached the enemy's "sangars," or loose stone-parapets, one of which the Gordons took in flank, and bayoneted its holders. The last climb was precipitous. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge, and several Pathans rushed at him with their flashing tulwars. Two he brought down with his revolver, and then used his claymore. Inspired by his example, his men clambered and pushed each other up, and delivered a bayonet charge which practically won the day.

But, brilliant as was their storming of the Malakand Pass, the same Gordons were still to surpass themselves in their next and latest feat. With their old cattle-lifting comrades from the Scottish border, they were ordered to join the expedition with which Sir William Lockhart was sent last autumn to reduce to submission the unruly and rebellious Mohammedan tribes inhabiting the wild, mountainous region between India and Afghanistan—tribes second to no race of men in the world in respect of their martial qualities. The brave and dogged tribesmen were gradually pushed back before Lockhart's advancing battalions—British and native—until at last, after varying fortune, they determined to make a stand on the summit of the Dargai ridge of the Chagru Kotal—a hill about 1,000 feet high and crowned with precipitous rocks. From this natural fortress Lockhart resolved to drive its defenders *coûte que coûte*.

A battalion of Ghurkas, than whom India contains no braver men, first tried it, but failed. The Dorsetshire regiment then made a dash across the fire-zone, but the dominating fire of the Afridi rifles, which swept the unsheltered area across which the stormers had to rush before gaining the ridge, was also too much for them, and they, too, fell back. Then the men of Derbyshire essayed the murderous task, but recoiled before the deadliness of the Afridi aim. Three hours had been thus consumed, and still the standards of the fierce tribesmen waved triumphantly and defiantly on the summit of the ridge in spite of the shell fire which, at long range from an opposite height, had been rained on their position. The general sent to Colonel Mathias, commanding the Gordons, who had meanwhile pushed up to the front and were marshaled in front of the Afridi position under cover

of a bluff; and then the colonel said to his men, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

That was quite enough. The Highlanders responded with a ringing cheer and fixed their bayonets; their pipers struck up the regimental march; the colonel led the way, waving his sword; and the whole battalion, by companies, rose from their cover as they had done from their ditch at Quatre Bras, and, with a wild shout, dashed into and across the open zone of fire. Many fell from the pelting, plunging hail of Afridi bullets, and most of the company pipers were struck down. Piper Findlater was shot through both ankles by an expanding bullet which simply pulverized his bones, and down he also fell. But, propping his back against a boulder, he thus calmly sat amid the bullet-rain and resumed his inspiriting march—the "Cock o' the North."

In this rush at Dargai the gallant Gordons lost many of their number—officers and men—in killed and wounded, but, undismayed, they stood the fatal, fiery test. They reached the shelter of the foot of the heights, then, followed by the Ghurkas and others, they scaled the hill, turning its holders' flank and toppling them over the other side; and soon thereafter they were clustering round their brave colonel, who had led them to the top, cheering him to the echo.

No wonder that both he and his heroic piper were recommended for the Victoria Cross; no wonder that, on again descending the hill, tenderly bearing their own wounded and dead, as well as those of the Ghurkas, they received a loud, admiring cheer from all the other regiments; no wonder that, a little later, General Lockhart publicly thanked the regiment on parade, saying, "Your records testify to many a gallant action, and you have added another to it which may worthily rank beside those which have gone before."

"Bravo, Gordon Highlanders!" ran a telegram from England; "on your return you will storm all London!"

THE GAY GORDONS.

(*Dargai, October* 20, 1897.)

By Henry Newbolt.

I.

Who's for the Gathering, who's for the Fair?
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
The bravest of the brave are at deadlock there,
(*Highlanders! march! by the right!*)
There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air,
There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare;
But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare
When they hear the pipers playing!

II.

The happiest English heart to-day
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may;
(*Steady there! steady on the right!*)
He sees his work and he sees the way,
He knows his time and the word to say,
And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons play
When he sets the pipers playing!

III.

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied;
(*Bayonets! and charge! by the right!*)
Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,
And thirty lads are lying on the bare hillside;
But they passed in the hour of the Gordons' pride,
To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

A ROMANCE OF WALL STREET.

THE GRANT AND WARD FAILURE.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

SOMETIME about the year 1877 a slim young man with a pale and meager face applied to the superintendent of the New York Produce Exchange for a position. He based his application upon the fact that the superintendent had known his father in an interior town years before. The superintendent recalled the young man as the son of an excellent father, a returned missionary, and, being well-disposed toward him, secured for him the clerkship of the Exchange at a salary of $1,000 a year. The superintendent was Mr. S. H. Grant, and the young clerk was Ferdinand Ward. Mr. S. H. Grant was not related in any degree to General U. S. Grant.

Ward filled his position acceptably, and had time to figure various speculative opportunities besides. At that time seats in the Exchange were rated low, and, seeing an upward tendency in business, young Ward began buying these seats as fast as he was able to raise the money, and sold them at a profit. He went into a number of speculations, all of which turned out profitably. He became acquainted with the daughter of the cashier of the Marine

National Bank, and wooed and married her. He made acquaintances rapidly, and turned casual associations into friendships, one of the most valuable of his friendships being with Mr. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine National Bank.

Sometime in 1879, through his brother William, Ward met Ulysses Grant, the second son of General Grant, who had established himself with a law firm in New York city. U. S. Grant, Jr., had charge of General Grant's property, of two trust estates, and also of other funds. Mr. Ward at once asked him to go into some speculations with him, and set forth the safety of an investment in flour certificates, which his position as clerk of the Exchange gave him special insight into. Young Grant allowed Ward to use some money in this way, and the venture proved successful. Ward then interested him in the scheme of buying seats in the Produce Exchange, and holding them against the coming boom, and young Grant found his bank account growing with gratifying rapidity, and was able to report to General Grant, who was in Europe, in the most satisfactory phrases. He was not yet a formal partner, however; the association thus far being merely for the individual enterprises in hand. The time came when Ward owed Grant on borrowed money a very considerable sum —nearly $100,000. At this point he proposed that a private banking firm be organized to do a regular Wall Street business, in which he was to be financial agent. In this firm J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, was to be a silent partner. Young Grant at first declined, but upon the urging of Ward and the assurance that Mr. Fish was coming in, finally consented.

This was in 1880. At that time Ward was regarded as the most brilliant young business man on the street. His office was the meeting-place of the most trusted and influential men of affairs, and his standing was of the highest. Every venture he had commended had succeeded, and Grant would have been a singular exception had he refused to go further with such a financier, especially as the president of the Marine Bank was to be a special partner in the firm. Meanwhile young Ulysses had married a daughter of Senator Chaffee of Colorado, and through this connection the Senator became an investor with Grant and Ward.

The firm of Grant and Ward at once took high rank. Bradstreet rated it "Gilt-edged," and its credit was unquestioned. When in 1880 General Grant had been defeated for a third nomination to the Presidency, the question of engaging in some business arose. He refused the presidency of the Nicaraguan Canal, but he accepted the presidency of the Mexican Southern Railway, on the understanding that he was not to receive any salary or any stock. He had plenty of opportunities to allow the use of his name, but his deep interest in Mexico, which sprang from his early life there, was more powerful than any offer of money. He moved to New York to be near his sons, Ulysses and Jesse R. Grant, and soon afterward put all his savings (about $100,000) into the firm of Grant and Ward, on condition that he was to be a special partner, liable only for the money he put in.

General Grant's office as president of the Mexican Railroad was in a building on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the first floor of which was occupied by Grant and Ward. The firm was now composed of Ferdinand Ward, J. D. Fish, and General Grant and his son Ulysses. Ward was the financial agent and sole manager. The General had no detailed knowledge of the business, and asked for none. He left the whole matter to his son Ulysses, who, in turn, trusted Ward with the entire financial management. Thus Ward had complete control; but in offset to this he said he was willing to guarantee the firm against loss. So phenomenally successful did he prove both in the firm of Grant and Ward and also in his outside speculations, that great business firms trusted themselves as completely in his hands as did the Grants. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, backed him to any amount; and Mr. S. H. Grant, the city comptroller, and Mr. Tappan, city chamberlain, and Mr. W. R. Grace, Mr. W. S. Warner, Senator Chaffee, and many others were equally trustful. In addition to its fine credit, the firm started with a paid-in capital of $400,000.*

It was a time of "boom;" that should be remembered. Railways were building; the new lands of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota were being opened up. Speculation was universal. Fortunes were made in a day—almost in an hour—and men were prepared to believe any sort of romance which concerned itself with railways or buildings. The way was prepared for a man like Ward, who had an uncanny power over men. His words were golden, and his daily life a fairy-tale of speculation.

* As was afterward developed, the Grants furnished the cash and the other members of the firm the "securities."

At Ward's suggestion, young Ulysses, early in the deal, offered to pay to General Grant $3,000 per month for the use of his money, but gave him the option of leaving it in the business if he wished. To this the General replied: "I don't think I can afford to do that. If you don't make that much, I don't want you to make up the deficit; and if you make more, it is rightfully mine. I would rather you paid me what my money brings in, be it a small sum or a large one." Ward's method was not to advertise much, "merely to let a few friends know" that the firm was doing an exceedingly profitable business by loaning money to men who had contracts. He was careful to say to General Grant and his sons that the firm was not handling any contracts with the Government, and warned Mr. Spencer, his cashier, to be careful about that also.

The regular transactions of the firm, and the only ones appearing in the books to which the Grants had access, were of a different nature, like loaning money to the Erie Railway, purchases of city bonds, and other equally safe and stable investments. These loans gave tone to the firm and inspired confidence. "It is my plan," said Ward, "to build up a great firm that shall live after Grant and Ward, its founders, have passed away."

Ward was a man of most exemplary life. He lived well, but quietly, and had no bad habits. He seemed a thoughtful man, and his peculiarities apparently marked him as a man born with a special genius for great financial enterprises. He seemed to be capable of the most colossal affairs, and men of the highest business qualifications shared in this belief. In these days it would be said his influence was hypnotic.

In this fashion the firm swam prosperously on. U. S. Grant, Jr., received occasional statements from Ward, which he laid before his father. These papers the General returned without examination, for he had arrived at unquestioning faith in his son's business ability. Profits had been large. The firm, from operations in stocks, bonds, and railway contracts, soon had a bank account of nearly a million dollars, and handled vast sums of money. From a capital of $400,000, the firm, in a little more than three years, was rated at fifteen millions. Ferdinand Ward, in his own fashion, outside the firm of Grant and Ward, had entered upon the most gigantic enterprises, apparently with unfailing success. Of these outside ventures the Grants knew nothing. Ulysses Grant, Jr., had access only to the one set of books wherein the Wall Street business was recorded. He knew scarcely a tenth of Ward's investors. He did not know that his own law partners were interested in Ward's affairs. The record of the huge debts of the firm was in books kept secret by Ward and Fish.

One Sunday afternoon in early May, 1884, Ward called at General Grant's house and asked to see both the General and young Ulysses. He announced that late on Saturday Mr. Tappan, the city chamberlain, had drawn on the Marine Bank for a very large sum which the bank held on deposit for the city, and that the bank's reserve was perilously low. "It is necessary," said he, "to put some money in before the clearing-house opens to-morrow morning, in order that the bank may make a proper showing."

To this young Grant very naturally replied: "Why should we borrow money to aid the Marine Bank?"

Ward for a moment seemed puzzled, but answered after a moment's hesitation: "We have $760,000 on deposit there, and it would embarrass us very much if the bank should close its doors."

"They are good for it, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; but there would be delay before we could get our money, and it might give us trouble."

Having convinced them both of the need of aiding the bank, Ward at last proposed that General Grant go out and borrow $150,000. Young Grant said that it was not easy to raise such a sum on Sunday afternoon, and to this Ward replied: "I know that; but I know the General can borrow it if anybody can."

The General at length consented to go forth in aid of the Marine Bank. After calling upon one or two men who declared themselves unable to help him, he drove to the house of W. H. Vanderbilt, and explained the matter to Mr. Vanderbilt at length. It was not for himself, but for the Marine Bank, he said in conclusion.

Mr. Vanderbilt took young Grant's view of it. "I care nothing about the Marine Bank, General Grant. To tell the truth, I care very little about Grant and Ward; but to accommodate you personally, I will draw my check for the amount you ask. I consider it a personal loan to you, and not to any other party," he said pointedly.

General Grant took the check, and returned to Ward, who was waiting. Ward thanked him, and putting the check in his pocket, left the house. The next morn-

ing, before the banks opened, young Grant called for a check drawn on the Marine Bank for the full amount, and hurried with it up to Mr. Vanderbilt's house, eager to pay the debt at the earliest moment. He found Mr. Vanderbilt at home, and delivered the check into his hands. *Both men considered the debt thereby paid, and the whole transaction closed.*

Monday saw everything righted. There was no further trouble, and the Grants dismissed the incident from their minds. Once, late in the afternoon, as Ward passed through the room, Ulysses Grant, Jr., asked, "Everything all right?" and Ward replied cheerily, "All right now." But that night after dinner a messenger came to young Grant from Ward, saying that Tappan had drawn again, and that it would be necessary to borrow $500,000. "I'll try for $250,000; and you do the same."

Grant was a little irritated at the demand, and for a moment determined to make no further attempt to help the Marine Bank out of its distress. However, after thought, he concluded to see what could be done, and taking a list of negotiable securities which Ward had sent by the messenger, he went to Jay Gould, and presented the matter.

Mr. Gould curtly replied: "I don't like lending on those securities," and young Grant concluded to do no more borrowing for the Marine Bank. He went to S. B. Elkins, however, and explained the situation. Mr. Elkins, who was Senator Chaffee's attorney, seemed a little bit puzzled over the case. "I don't understand this. Suppose we go over to Brooklyn and see Ward."

Ward was out, but they decided to wait for him, although it was nearly midnight. The servants were directed by Mrs. Ward to set out some cake and wine, and the two men remained seated in the dining-room till after midnight, waiting with growing anxiety for Ward. It was well towards one in the morning when Ward suddenly and noiselessly entered by a side door. He was calm and very self-contained. He explained his absence by saying he had been to see some capitalists. He said he had not been able to raise any money, but he did not seem specially disappointed at his own or his partner's failure to borrow the sums needed. All agreed that the Marine Bank must needs take care of itself.

Mr. Elkins, however, as attorney for Senator Chaffee, who was one of the largest creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward, demanded, on his client's behalf, to be secured. Ward said, "Very well;" but added, "I don't see the need when Senator Chaffee can have his money at any time on demand."

Mr. Elkins insisted, and Ward promised to be at the office early the next morning to turn over sufficient securities to cover the whole amount of the Senator's investment. Upon this, young Grant and Elkins took their departure, but all the way across the city Elkins discussed Ward's manner. "The whole thing is suspicious. Did you observe he had his slippers on? He was in the house all the time, and was afraid to come down and see us. Why should he enter at the side door?"

Grant stoutly thrust aside these suspicions. His faith was unshaken. Early the next morning Mr. Elkins and young Ulysses hastened to the office. Ward was not there.

"Where is Ward?" asked young Grant of Spencer, the cashier.

"I don't know," replied Spencer. "I came by the house this morning, and when I rang the bell, Mrs. Ward came down much excited, and said Ferdinand had gone out early, leaving a note to the effect that the bank would fail to-day, and that he would not be home. She seemed afraid that he was about to commit suicide, and wanted me to go and look for him."

Colonel Fred Grant came out of an inner office at this moment, and said that Mr. Fish had been in, much excited, to say that Grant and Ward's accounts were all overdrawn, and that he would not certify or pay any more of the firm's checks.

Young Ulysses was amazed. "That can't be," he said. "We have over $600,000 on deposit there. Is not that the sum, Mr. Spencer?"

The cashier brought the books; $660,000 was the exact amount.

"Make a test of it," said Mr. Elkins. "Draw a check, and send it over to the bank."

This was done, and in a short time the messenger returned to say that the officers of the bank, by order of Mr. Fish, refused to pay the check, and stated that they could honor no more Grant and Ward checks.

This was startling news, but even then young Grant did not realize its full import. He knew of but one interest that was suffering at this time, that of Mr. Chaffee; and when Mr. Elkins insisted on being secured, there was but one thing to do—

carry out Ward's promise of the night before, and open the strong box in which millions of securities had been deposited. Ward held the key of this box, but the moment demanded heroic measures. The box was forced open, and found to contain only papers of doubtful value, amounting even on their face to less than $400,000.

While the others still stood aghast at this discovery, Spencer, who had been listening at a ticker, came in and announced in fateful voice, "The Marine Bank has closed its doors." With profound conviction in his face, he turned to young Grant: "This carries Grant and Ward down also."

"I don't see that," replied Grant. "The loss of $600,000 will cramp us, but it won't break us."

He was soon undeceived. Instead of being worth $15,000,000, with an enormous bank account, he and his friends found themselves without a dollar and with a flood of demands pouring in upon them.

Just when matters were at the worst, the General himself hobbled slowly into the room. He was still disabled from a fall on the ice some months preceding and used his crutches. "Well, 'Buck,' how is it?" he cheerily asked.

The son, his head still ringing with the blow which had fallen upon him, replied harshly, and without any softening words, "Grant and Ward have failed, and Ward has fled."

For a few seconds the old warrior faced the people of the office, his keen eyes piercing to the bottom of his son's anger and despair. Then he turned slowly, and without the quiver of a muscle and without a single word, left the room and ascended slowly to his own office, to be seen no more in the office of Grant and Ward. About five o'clock in the afternoon, however, he sent for Spencer, the cashier, to come up and see him. As the young man entered the room, he found the General seated close to his desk, both hands convulsively clasping the arms of his chair. His head was bowed, and the muscles of his face and arms twitched nervously as he said: "Spencer, how is it that man has deceived us all in this way?"

Even as Spencer tried to speak, the General did not look up; in fact, the young man's stammering attempt to answer seemed not to interrupt the current of the General's thought. He went on speaking. "I had not the least idea that Ward was concerned in government contracts. I told him at the beginning that I could not be connected with the firm if he was going into any business with the government. I supposed the contracts he spoke of were railway contracts." He went on for several minutes with an explanation, to which Spencer made no reply. He was evidently suffering the keenest mental anguish, and the cashier would gladly have uttered some word of comfort, but was himself too deeply moved and bewildered to do so. Finding Spencer as ignorant of it all as the rest of them, the General became silent, and the young man withdrew, leaving him seated with bowed head in the same position in which he had found him.

Without Ward, it was impossible to tell what the firm owned or what it owed. Claims developed of which U. S. Grant, Jr., had no knowledge, and which did not appear on the open books of the firm. The excitement on the street was very great. Investors with whom the Grants had no dealings whatever clamored to be secured. Great pressure was brought upon young Grant to make an assignment in favor of certain creditors, but he refused. So the day wore on. At the end it was apparent that Grant and Ward were hopelessly involved, and that every dollar possessed by General Grant was swept away.

On Wednesday, U. S. Grant, Jr., went down to the office, but Ward did not appear. The papers had immense headlines, and all sorts of charges and insinuations were in type. Creditors called, saying that the bonds given to them for security by Ward had been rehypothecated. Some of these men covertly threatened young Ulysses. He could only reply: "I presume what you say is true. I know nothing about it. I can't do anything about it. All I can say is, you'll find me here during business hours and at my house thereafter." He was ready to answer to any call.

The entire Grant family were in singular straits. Every cent of ready money was gone, and many bills for which checks had been given weeks before to butchers and bakers, who had neglected to cash them, came up now a second time for payment. The General and Ulysses, Jr., found themselves actually in need of money for daily necessities. Mrs. Grant ordered her Washington house to be sold, and that formed the fund upon which the entire family lived. They sold horses and carriages, and prepared to move into cheaper

houses. Young Ulysses still refused to make any assignment or prefer any creditors.

The General was visited on Thursday night by representatives of Mr. Vanderbilt, who wished to be secured upon his loan of the Sunday preceding. He looked to General Grant for his money.

"You're quite right," said the General. "It was an individual loan, and I am having papers drawn up to secure Mr. Vanderbilt so far as possible."

General Grant now cast about to see how he could pay this individual debt, which he regarded as an affair of honor. He deeded to Vanderbilt the farm on the Gravois, near St. Louis, which was worth $60,000; a house in Philadelphia, some property in Chicago, and all his personal property. In order to bring the sum up to the full amount, the old warrior turned over all his military trophies—all the swords presented to him by citizens and soldiers, the superb caskets given to him by the officials of the cities through which he had passed on his way around the world, all the curious and exquisite souvenirs of China and Japan. He spared nothing.

Many of the papers criticized General Grant freely for going into the firm. Some of them covertly exulted, and insinuated that he was attempting to draw out of the wreck, retaining his immense profits. Investors clamored, charging that his name had been used to draw them into the firm; that Ward had claimed to have government contracts obtained through the use of General Grant's name. These things cut deep into the proud old warrior's heart; but, as his habit was, he set his lips in a grim line, and was silent, so far as the outside world was concerned. Once, however, he opened his heart to a friend. Late one night, after he had signed away all he possessed to his creditors, he sat alone with his lawyer. As he went all over the action, and thought of Ward's cunning in securing that final check, his emotion became visible in an unusual restlessness of eye and limb. At last he rose, and began hobbling on his crutches up and down the room. When he spoke at last, it was in semi-soliloquy, as though he had almost forgotten the presence of his friend:

"I have made it the rule of my life to trust a man long after other people gave him up; but I don't see how I can ever trust any human being again."

The worst was yet to come. A letter was given to the public press by Fish, the president of the failed bank, which apparently connected Grant directly with the methods of Ward. To save himself from condemnation, Fish now claimed to have been a victim, asserting that two years before he had written to General Grant asking to be assured about the firm. In this letter, after speaking in a general way of the fact that he saw very little of General Grant, and suggesting that it was advisable to consult together, Mr. Fish went on to say: "I have often been asked by friends and business men whether you and I were general or special partners. We were for a while advertised as special partners, but I think we are virtually and actually general partners. I think legally we would find that to be our status." He then spoke of a note enclosed from the president of the Lincoln National Bank, and continued: "You may be aware that I am on the notes of Grant and Ward as an endorser, which I have discounted myself, and have had to get negotiated to the extent of some $200,000 in the aggregate, at the same and at one time, which is not a trifling amount to me. It is necessary that the credit of Grant and Ward should deservedly stand very high. These notes, as I understand it, are given for no other purpose than to raise money for the payment for grain, etc., purchased to fill government contracts. Under the circumstances, my dear General, you will see that it is of most vital importance to me particularly that the credit of the firm shall always be untarnished and unimpaired. I will be most happy to meet at almost any time you may name to talk these matters over. Please return me President James's letter at your convenience, with any suggestions you may have to make."

The answer to this letter as put forth by Fish was indubitably in the handwriting of General Grant. It was a more or less complete answer to the letter above.

"*My Dear Mr. Fish:*

"On my arrival in the city this morning, I find your letter of yesterday with a letter from Thomas L. James, president of Lincoln National Bank, and copy of your reply to the letter. Your understanding in regard to our liabilities in the firm of Grant and Ward are the same as mine. If you desire it, I am entirely willing that the advertisement of the firm shall be so changed as to express this. Not having been in the city for more than a week, I have found a large accumulated mail to look over and some business appointments to meet, so that I may not be able to get down to see you to-day; but if I can, I will go there before three o'clock.

"Very truly yours,

"U. S. GRANT."

There was also put out a second answer to this letter, more valuable as a defense to Messrs. Ward and Fish than the other:

"*My Dear Mr. Fish:*

"In relation to the matter of discounts kindly made by you for account of Grant and Ward, I would say that I think the investments are safe, and I am willing that Mr. Ward should derive what profit he can for the firm that the use of my name and influence may bring."

This was signed apparently in General Grant's own hand, and upon it the detractors of Grant fell with joy. It was photolithographed and sent throughout the country. The signature was to all appearance genuine; the body of the letter was written in another hand. Action had already begun against Fish, and this letter became important evidence.

In March of the following year the testimony of General Grant was demanded. He was unable to leave his room—was indeed almost at the point of death—and the counsel for Fish went to the attorney for the Grants and expressed the deepest regret that the trial should come up at a time when the General was so ill, and suggested its postponement. But Grant's attorney, knowing well the temper of the General, said, "No. Let the trial go on. General Grant is ready to testify."

General Grant's deposition was taken in the room of his house on Sixty-sixth Street. He stated that he had considered himself merely a special partner in the business of Grant and Ward, liable only for his investment. He did not remember to have seen Mr. Fish's letter. He did not know that any government contracts were handled, and he had no knowledge that his name was being used to induce others to invest in doubtful speculations. When the alleged letter to Fish was placed before him, he examined the signature closely, and said that it was undoubtedly of his own writing, but that he had no knowledge of the letter itself. He added, that in the course of a long executive life he had become accustomed to affix his signature to many papers without reading them, it being impossible to personally examine everything which was put before him to sign.

The trial developed that the letter was written, at Ward's request, by Spencer the cashier. Spencer remembered the letter perfectly, for the reason that Ward brought the rough draft of it to him on a pad one morning in the midsummer of 1882. It had many corrections and interlineations for so short a letter, and that fact aided to fix the matter in Mr. Spencer's mind. It meant nothing unsigned; but with Grant's signature it would be very serviceable, and Ward had turned his attention to getting it signed. He afterwards confessed to Walter S. Johnston, the receiver of the Marine Bank,* that he had slipped it into a pile of other letters, and presenting it to General Grant as he was hurrying to finish his mail and catch a boat, easily procured the signature without arousing suspicion.

Ward's own testimony at the first trial was very remarkable. He was at first broken and a little bewildered, and came to the stand "looking like a man suffering from loss of sleep. His face was bloodless, his ears seemed to hang from his head." He admitted that he had been insolvent for two years.† He was unable to tell where and when he had made large purchases of real estate, such as Booth's Theater. The "books of the firm" were not "the books of the office": there was a difference. The "books of the firm" included books which the Grants had never seen. He admitted that there had never been any contracts; that when he said "invested in a contract," it meant that the money went into the bank as his personal deposit. He did not remember that he had ever had any dealings with the government of any kind. He admitted putting the Vanderbilt check into his personal account. He admitted having paid $3,000 for jewelry on the 22d of April, but he had forgotten to whom he gave it. He had no contracts, and he was making no such profits as he paid to investors. Business was transacted in the name of Grant and Ward, but no one transacted it but himself. The Grants knew nothing about it. His method, as he himself delineated it, was to borrow large sums for pretended investment, set aside a profit out of the principal, and by prompt payment of this profit, induce the lender to leave the principal in his hands. He deceived the many for the few, and these few were not the Grants. He was uncertain as to what became of immense sums. Some of them appeared on the secret book he kept, and some did not. In a later trial this singular book was put in evidence. It was cabalistic in text. No one could understand it, not even Ward himself.

* From an interview with Mr. Johnston for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

† Generalized from Ward's testimony before Commissioner Cole.

Out of it all this final conclusion was formed: Ward had carried on the most extraordinary game of "bluff" that the nation had ever seen—a stupendous scheme of paying profits from a principal which was never invested or which went to pay some clamorous debtor; a "blind pool" into which he led men to their ruin and ultimately to his own ruin. He was indicted first by the United States courts at the same time that Fish was indicted. Fish was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Closely following Fish's conviction, Ward was indicted in the State court for grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to prison for ten years. The judge in sentencing Fish made it plain that, though the sentence might be lawfully seven times seven, out of regard for his gray hairs the sentence was not made cumulative.

Out of this deplorable entanglement General Grant emerged cleared, so far as the judgment of the majority of his fellow citizens was concerned, of any knowledge of the business which Ward conducted. There were those, of course, who were ready to believe that he knew of the use of his name, and that he shared in the profits. It is probable that no one fully informed in the facts of the case holds such an opinion to-day. Grant was the victim of over-confidence in a shrewd and ingratiating adventurer.

"KING FOR A DAY."

By W. A. Fraser.

AS you walk up the many score of steps leading to the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, and come out upon the cemented flat in front of the tapering spire itself, you will see a Burmese temple a little to the right. Among other gods rested there once a small alabaster figure of Buddha, stained yellow, and with a hideous dragon-head; but it is not there now. And because of that alabaster god, these things happened.

Sir Lemuel Jones, C. I. E., was Chief Commissioner of Burma. Lawrence Jones, captain of the "tramp" steamer "Newcastle Maid," was his brother. More than that, they were twins, as like as two drops of water. It was *kismet* that Sir Lemuel should rise to be Chief Commissioner, while it was Larry's own fault that he was only captain of a freighter. But they both enjoyed themselves, each after his kind.

One morning in November the "Newcastle Maid" glided up the Irawadi and swung to moorings just off the main wharf at Rangoon. Larry had not seen his brother for years; and, for the matter of that, did not care if many more years passed before he saw him. Their paths ran at right angles. He was there for a cargo of rice, not to renew family ties.

It was because the chief engineer of the "Newcastle Maid" was a man after his own heart that he said, before going ashore: "I don't want to get into a gale here, for I've had a letter from the owners over that last break I made in Calcutta; if I come off seas over, just lock me in the cabin, and don't let me out. No matter what I say, keep me there until I'm braced up."

Then the captain went ashore. "I want to see the Golden Pagoda," said he, as he chartered a *gharry*.

"Come quickly, I'm waiting," whispered the yellow image of Buddha, the alabaster god, in his ear. It was there, in the funny little temple all decked out with Chinese lanterns, and tinsel, and grotesque gods. Straight the influence led him to it—to the dragon-headed god.

Stealing was not one of Larry's vices, but what matters man's ways when the gods are running his life for him? It scorched his fingers when he touched it; and when it was in his pocket it scorched his mind. The demon of impulse took possession of the captain. "I must do something," and he thought of the usual routine—whisky. It held out no pleasing prospect. "Something else, something else; something worthy of Captain Jones," whispered the little god.

He took a drive out through the cantonments. As he bowled along in the old *gharry* a new experience came to him. Gentlemen lifted their hats; and ladies driving in their carriages smiled and bowed in the most gracious manner.

"I wonder if there's anything sticking to my face," thought Larry, and he passed his hand carefully over its rounded surface; it seemed all right.

But still they kept it up—everybody he

met; and one officer, galloping by on his pony, took a pull at the animal's head and shouted, "Are you coming to the club to-night, sir?"

"No!" roared the captain; for he hadn't the faintest idea of going to a club without an invitation.

"They'll be awfully disappointed," came the echo of the officer's voice as the *gharry* opened up a gap between them.

"Very kind," muttered Larry; "but I fancy they'll get over it. Must have taken me for somebody else."

And the dragon grin on the face of the alabaster god in his pocket spread out until it was hideous to look upon. Larry didn't see this; he was busy staring open-mouthed at the image of himself sitting in a carriage just in front. The carriage was turning out of a compound, and blocked the road, so that his own driver was forced to stop. He recognized the other man. It was Sir Lemuel, his twin brother.

The recognition was mutual. The commissioner bowed quite coldly as the captain called out, "How are you, Lemuel?"

Then the big Waler horses whipped the carriage down the road at a slashing gait, and Larry was left alone with The Thing in his pocket.

"So that's why they've been taking off their hats to me," he mused. "They take me for Sir Lemuel. Great time he must have ruling these yellow niggers out here. I'd like to be in his shoes just for a day, to see how it feels to be King of Burma."

All the way back to the hotel he was thinking about it. Arrived there he wrote a note addressed to the Chief Commissioner, and sent it off by a native. "That will bring him," he muttered; "he always was a bit afraid of me."

It was six o'clock when Sir Lemuel arrived in his carriage. There was a great scurrying about of servants, and no end of salaaming the "Lat" Sahib; for it was not often the Chief Commissioner honored the hotel with his presence. He was shown to Captain Jones's room.

"Take a seat, Lem," said Captain Larry cheerfully. "I wanted to see you, and thought you'd rather come here than receive me at Government House."

"Please be brief, then," said Sir Lemuel, in his most dignified manner; "I have to attend a dinner at the club to-night in honor of the return of our Judicial Commissioner."

"Oh, Sir Lemuel will be there in time for that," chuckled the captain. "But first, Lem, for the sake of old times, I want you to drink a glass of wine with me. You know we took a drink together pretty often the first year of our existence." Then he broke into a loud sailor laugh that irritated the Commissioner.

"While I don't approve of drinking to the extent you have carried it," said Sir Lemuel, with judicial severity, "still I can't refuse a glass proffered by my brother."

"Your twin brother," broke in Larry; "of whom you've always been so fond, you know."

"I really must be going, so please tell me why you've sent for me." But when he had drunk the glass of wine, he gave up all idea of going anywhere but to sleep —for it was drugged.

Then Captain Larry stripped his brother, peeled the august body of the Commissioner as one would strip a willow, and draped him in his own sailor outfit. "You're a groggy-looking captain," he said, as he tried to brace the figure up in a big chair; "you're a disgrace to the service. You'll have your papers taken away, first thing you know."

He had put the alabaster god on the table while he was making the transfer.

"This is all your doing," he said, addressing the figure.

When he had arrayed himself in the purple and fine linen of the Commissioner, he emptied the contents of the bottle of wine through the window. Then he went below and spoke to the proprietor. "The captain up-stairs, who had an important communication to make to me, has become suddenly most completely intoxicated. Never saw a man get drunk so quick in my life. Can you have him sent off to his ship, so that he won't get in disgrace? It's my express wish that this should be done, as he has been of service to me."

"All right, sir," exclaimed the hotel-keeper, touching his forehead with his forefinger in salute, "I will get Captain Davin, who is a great friend of his, to take him off right away."

"Most considerate man, the Chief Commissioner," remarked the boniface, as the carriage rolled away.

The carriage swung in under a shedlike portico at the front of a big straggling bungalow. The driver pulled up his horses; the two yaktail-bearing footmen, who had jumped down from their places behind as the carriage turned in off the

road, ran hastily up, opening the door and lowering the steps for The Presence, the Lat Sahib, the Father of all Burmans. Only, Father and all as he was, none of his children served in the house, the captain noticed. All the servants were from India.

"Hallo! there's the ship's log," exclaimed the captain, looking at the big visitors' book in the entrance. "Wonder where I've got to sign that. The ship musters a big crew," as he ran his eye down the long list of names.

"When does The Presence want the carriage?" asked a ponderous, much-liveried native servant, making a deep salaam.

The captain pulled out his watch—Sir Lemuel's watch. "It's a beauty," he mused, as his eyes fell on its rich yellow sides. "Right away, mate—I mean bos'n—that is, tell him not to go away. Wonder what that fellow's proper title is on the muster?"

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"I know that," angrily answered Larry. "I don't have to be told my business."

"Certainly, Sir Lemuel; but you asked me to jog your memory, as you are so apt to forget these things, you know."

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"Where is she? When is she coming back?" he gasped.

"Oh, Sir Lemuel, it was only to say that she had arrived safely in Prome."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the captain, with a rare burst of reverence.

The private secretary looked rather astonished. Sir Lemuel had always been a very devoted husband, but not the sort of man to give way to an expression of strong feeling simply because his wife had arrived at the end of her journey.

"Do you happen to remember what she said about coming back?" he asked of the wondering secretary.

"No, Sir Lemuel; but she'll probably remain till her sister is out of danger—a couple of weeks, perhaps."

"Of course, of course," said the captain. "Thank the Lord!—I mean I'm so glad that she's had a safe voyage," he corrected himself, heaving a great sigh of relief. "That's one rock out of the channel," he muttered.

A bearer was waiting patiently for him to go and change his dress. The captain whistled softly to himself when he saw the dress suit all laid out and everything in perfect order for a "quick change," as he called it. As he finished dressing, the "bos'n," he of the gorgeous livery, appeared, announcing, "Johnson Sahib, sir."

"Who?" queried Captain Larry.

"Sec'tary Sahib, sir."

"Oh, that's my private secretary," he thought.

"I've brought the speech, Sir Lemuel," said the young man, as he entered. "You'll hardly have time to go through it before we start."

The captain slipped the speech and the little alabaster god in his pocket, and they were soon bowling along to the official dinner. "Look here, Johnson," he said, "I think fever or something's working on me. I can't remember men's faces, and get their names all mixed up. I wouldn't go to this dinner to-night if I hadn't promised to. I ought to stay aboard the ship—I mean I ought to stay at home. Now I want you to help me through, and if it goes off all right, I'll double your salary next month. Safe to promise that," he muttered to himself. "Let Lem attend to it."

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Just then the Judicial Commissioner caught sight of the captain, and hastened forward to greet him. "How do you do, dear Sir Lemuel? I called this afternoon. So sorry to find that Lady Jones was away. You must find it very lonely, Sir Lemuel; I understand this is the first time you have been separated during the many years of your married life."

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"Wife dead, must remember that," thought Larry.

Just then the Judicial Commissioner caught sight of the captain, and hastened forward to greet him. "How do you do, dear Sir Lemuel? I called this afternoon. So sorry to find that Lady Jones was away. You must find it very lonely, Sir Lemuel; I understand this is the first time you have been separated during the many years of your married life."

"Yes, I shall miss the little woman. That great barracks is not the same without her sweet little face about."

"That's a pretty tall order," ejaculated a young officer to a friend. And it was, considering that Lady Jones was an Amazonian type of woman, five feet ten, much given to running the whole state, and known as the "Ironclad." But Larry didn't know that, and had to say something.

"Dear Lady Jones," sighed the Judicial Commissioner pathetically. "I suppose she returns almost immediately."

"The Lord forbid—at least, not for a few days. I want her to enjoy herself while she's away. You will feel the loss of your wife, Mr. Barnes, even more than I; for, of course, she will *never* come back to you."

To say that general consternation followed this venture of the captain's is drawing it very mild indeed, for the J. C.'s wife was not dead at all, but had wandered far away with a lieutenant in a Madras regiment.

"It's the Ironclad put him up to that. She was always down on the J. C. for marrying a girl half his age," said an assistant Deputy Commissioner to a man standing beside him.

The secretary was tugging energetically at the captain's coat tails. "What is it, Johnson?" he asked, suddenly realizing the tug.

"Dinner is on, sir."

"Rare streak of humor the chief is developing," said Captain Lushton, with a laugh. "Fancy he's rubbing it into Barnes on account of that appeal case."

Owing to the indisposition of the Chief Commissioner, by special arrangement the secretary sat at his left, which was rather fortunate; for, by the time dinner was over, the captain had looked upon the wine and seen that it was good—had looked several times. What with the worry of keeping his glass empty, and answering, with more or less relevance, respectful questions addressed to him from different parts of the table, he pretty well forgot all about the speech lying in his lap. Once or twice he looked at it, but the approaches to the facts were so ambiguous, and veiled so carefully under such expressions as, "It is deemed expedient under existing circumstances," etc., that he got very little good from it. One or two facts he gleaned, however: that owing to the extraordinary exertion of the Judicial Commissioner all the dacoits had either been hung, transported to the Andamans, or turned from their evil course and made into peaceable tillers of the soil; their two-handed *dah* had been dubbed up, more or less, into a ploughshare.

"Glad of that," thought the captain. "Hate those beastly dacoits. They're like mutineers on shipboard. The padre-like lawyer must be a good one."

Another point that loomed up on his sailor vision like the gleam of a lighthouse was a reference to a petition calling attention to the prevalence of crime connected with sailors during the shipping season, and asking for the establishment of a separate police court, with a special magistrate, to try these cases.

"Shall we have the honor of your presence at the races to-morrow?" pleasantly asked a small, withy man, four seats down the table.

The captain was caught unawares, and blurted out, "Where are they?"

"On the race-course, sir."

The answer was a simple, straightforward one, but, nevertheless, it made everybody laugh.

"I thought they were on the moon," said the captain, in a nettled tone.

A man doesn't laugh at a Chief Commissioner's joke, as a rule, because it's funny, but the mirth that followed this was genuine enough.

"Sir Lemuel is coming out," said Captain Lushton. "Pity the Ironclad wouldn't go away every week."

In the natural order of things, Sir Lemuel had to respond to the toast of "The Queen." Now the secretary had very carefully and elaborately prepared the Chief Commissioner's speech for this occasion. Sir Lemuel had conscientiously "mugged" it up, and if he had not at that moment been a prisoner on board the "Newcastle Maid" would have delivered it with a pompous sincerity which would have added to his laurels as a deep thinker and brilliant speaker. But the captain of a tramp steamer, with a mixed cargo of sherry, hock, and dry monopole in his stomach, and a mischief-working alabaster god in his pocket, is not exactly the proper person to deliver a statistical, semi-official after-dinner speech.

When the captain rose to his feet, the secretary whispered in his ear, "For heaven's sake, don't say anything about the Judicial's wife. Talk about dacoits;" but the speech, so beautifully written, so lucid in its meaning, and so complicated in its detail, became a waving sea of foam.

From out the billowy waste of this indefinite mass there loomed only the tall figure of the cadaverous J. C.; and attached to it, as a tangible something, the fact that he had lost his wife and settled the dacoits.

It was glorious, this getting up before two strings of more or less bald-headed officials to tell them how the state ought to be run—the ship steered, as it were. "Gentlemen," he began, starting off bravely enough, "we are pleased to have among us once more our fellow skipper, the Judicial Commissioner."

"The old buck's got a rare streak of humor on to-night," whispered Lushton.

"His jovial face adds to the harmony of the occasion. I will not allude to his late loss, as we all know how deeply he feels it."

"Gad! but he's rubbing it in," said Lushton.

"I repeat, we are glad to have him among us once again. My secretary assures me that there's not a single dacoit left alive in the province. There's nothing like putting these rebellious chaps down. I had a mutiny myself once, on board 'The Kangaroo.' I shot the ringleaders and made every mother's son of the rest of them walk the plank. So I'm proud of the good work the Judicial has done in this respect."

Now, it had been a source of irritating regret to every Deputy Commissioner in the service that when he had caught a dacoit red-handed, convicted, and sentenced him to be hanged, and sent the ruling up to the Judicial for confirmation, he had been promptly sat on officially, and the prisoner either pardoned or let off with a light sentence. Consequently these little pleasantries of the captain were looked upon as satire.

"There is one other little matter I wish to speak about," continued the captain, in the most natural manner possible, "and that is, the prevalence of what we might call 'sailor crimes' in Rangoon." He told in the most graphic manner of the importance of the shipping interests, for he was right at home on that subject, and wound up by saying: "I've been presented with a largely signed petition praying for the establishment of another assistant magistrate's court to try these cases, presided over by a man more or less familiar with the shipping interests. Now, that's the only sensible thing I ever heard talked of in this heathen land. Set a thief to catch a thief, I say. Put the ship in charge of a sailor himself—of a captain. None of your landlubbers."

His theme was carrying him away; he was on deck again. But the others thought it was only his humor; the strange, unaccountable humor that had taken possession of him since the Ironclad had let go her hold.

"Now, I know of a most worthy captain," he continued, "who would fill this billet with honor to himself and profit to the Judicial. His name is Captain Jones—a namesake of my own, I may say—of the 'Newcastle Maid,' 2,000 tons register. I've known him ever since he was a babe, and the sailors won't fool him, I can tell you. I'd a talk with him this evening down at the hotel, and he's just the man for the job. I'd sign the papers appointing him to-morrow if they were put before me. He ought to have a good salary, though," he said, as he sat down, rather abruptly, some of them thought.

The secretary sighed as he shoved in his pocket the written speech, which the captain had allowed to slip to the floor. "It'll do for another time, I suppose," he said wearily; "when he gets over this infernal touch of sun or Burma head."

People in India get used to that sort of thing happening—of their older officials saying startling things sometimes. That's what the fifty-five years' service is for—to prevent it. The other speeches did not appeal to Captain Larry much; nor, for the matter of that, to the others either. He had certainly made the hit of the evening.

"It's great, this," he said bucolically to the secretary, as they drove home.

"What, sir?"

"Why, making speeches, and driving home in your own carriage. I hate going aboard ship in a jiggledy *sampan* at night. I'll have a string of wharves put all along the front there, so that ships won't have to load at their moorings. Just put me in mind of that to-morrow."

Next day there was considerable diversion on the "Newcastle Maid." "The old man's got the D. T.'s," the chief engineer told the first officer. "I locked him in his cabin last night when they brought him off, and he's banging things around there in great shape. Swears he's the ruler of Burma and Sir Gimnel Somebody. I won't let him out till he gets all right again, for he'd go up to the agents with this cock-and-bull story. They'd cable home to the owners, and he'd be taken out of the ship sure."

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"I'm glad this race meet is on while I'm king," he thought, as he drove down after *tiffin*, taking his secretary with him. "They say the Prince of Wales always gets the straight tip, and I'll be sure to be put on to something good."

And he was. Captain Lushton told him that his mare "Nettie" was sure to win the "Rangoon Plate," forgetting to mention that he himself had backed "Tomboy" for the same race.

"Must have wrenched a leg," Lushton assured Larry when "Nettie" came in absolutely last.

It was really wonderful how many "good things" he got on to that did run last, or thereabouts. It may have been the little alabaster Buddha in his pocket that brought him the bad luck; but as the secretary wrote "I. O. U.'s" for all the bets he made, and as Sir Lemuel would be into his own again before settling day, and would have to pay up, it did not really matter to the captain.

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dering crowd commenced to collect about the captain and the grotesque little Buddha. The lady-who-had-seen took in the situation in an instant; for jealousy acts like new wine on the intellect. She darted forward, picked up the obese little god, and, with a sweet smile on her gentle face, proffered it to the captain's companion, with the remark, "I think you've dropped one of your children's toys."

Captain Larry was speechless; he was like a hamstrung elephant, and as helpless.

A private secretary is a most useful adjunct to a Chief Commissioner, but a private secretary with brains is a jewel. So when Johnson stepped quickly forward and said, "Excuse me, madam, but that figure belongs to me; I dropped it," the captain felt as though a life-line had been thrown to him.

The secretary put the Buddha in his pocket; and it really appeared as though from that moment the captain's luck deparated. He slipped away early from the ball; it seemed, somehow, as though the fun had gone out of the thing. He began to have misgivings as to the likelihood of the chief engineer keeping his brother shut up much longer. "I'll get out of this in the morning," he said, as he turned into bed. "I've had enough of it. I'll scuttle the ship and clear out."

This virtuous intention would have been easy of accomplishment, comparatively, if he had not slept until ten o'clock. When he arose, the secretary came to him with a troubled face. "There's a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel, asking for the carriage to meet her at the station, and I've sent it. She's chartered a special train, and we expect her any moment."

"Great Scott! I'm lost!" moaned the captain. "I must get out of this. Help me dress quickly, that's a good fellow."

An official accosted him as he came out of his room. "I want to see you, Sir Lemuel."

"Is that your tom-tom at the door?" answered the captain, quite irrelevantly.

"Yes, Sir Lemuel."

"Well, just wait here for a few minutes. I've got to meet Lady Jones, and I'm late."

Jumping into the cart he drove off at a furious clip. Fate, in the shape of the Ironclad, swooped down upon him at the very gate. He met Lady Jones face to face.

"Stop!" she cried excitedly. "Where are you going, Sir Lemuel?"

"I'm not Sir Lemuel," roared back the disappointed captain.

"Nice exhibition you're making of yourself—Chief Commissioner of Burma."

"I'm not the Commissioner of Burma. I'm not your Sir Lemuel," he answered, anxious to get away at any cost.

"The man is mad. The next thing you'll deny that I'm your wife."

"Neither are you!" roared the enraged captain, and away he sped.

Lady Jones followed. It was a procession; the red spokes of the tom-tom twinkling in and out the bright patches of sunlight as it whirled along between the big banyan trees; and behind, the carriage, Lady Jones sitting bolt upright with set lips. The captain reached the wharf first. He was down the steps and into a *sampan* like a shot.

It was the only *sampan* there. The carriage dashed up at that instant. There was no other boat; there was nothing for it but to wait.

"Come, Lem, get into these duds and clear out," cried the captain, as he burst into his cabin.

"You villain! I'll have you sent to the Andamans for this," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Quick! Your wife's waiting on the dock," said Larry.

That had the desired effect; Sir Lemuel became as a child that had played truant.

"What have you done, Larry?" he cried pathetically. "You've ruined me."

"No, I've done you good. And I've left you some decent wine at the house. Get ashore before she comes off."

"There's no help for it," said Sir Lemuel. "There are your orders to proceed to Calcutta to load; your beastly chief engineer insisted on shoving them in to me."

"Don't 'my love' me!" said the Ironclad, when Sir Lemuel climbed penitently into the carriage. "An hour ago you denied that I was your wife."

And so they drove off, the *syce* taking the tom-tom back to its owner. It took Sir Lemuel days and days to straighten out the empire after the rule of the man who had been "King for a Day."

[*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.*]

ADVERSITIES OF A PASSENGER ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

By Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred. B. Williams"), Author of "On Many Seas."

AN ADVENTURE WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.—ORGANIZING A STRIKE.—RUNNING INTO AN EXCURSION TRAIN.—AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by W. D. Stevens.

ONE night as I was running along at a good gait, crowding the speed limit a little,—for I was trying to make a certain siding ahead of the express,—some one shook me roughly by the shoulder, and said: "Hey, you!" I wondered that the fireman should be so energetic in addressing me; so it was in a fit of ill-humor that I pulled my head in, and snarling out, "What do you want?" looked along the barrel of a big revolver and into a pair of fierce eyes under the brim of a slouch hat. That was all I could see. But it was enough. I had scraped a hole in the paint on the gauge-lamp globe, to read orders by, and the ray of light from it showed me this unpleasant sight. The cab being all in darkness, the gun and eyes appeared as if suspended in space.

There was also a voice, and it said: "I want you to slack up, right here, so's we kin git off."

"All right, sir," said I, and I shut right off. I reached for the whistle cord to call for brakes, but the voice said: "Hol' on, sonny; none o' that; 'tain't healthy;" so I let her roll. "Git outer the way till I see," said the voice, which, as the fireman had opened the door, I could now see belonged to a big, square-shouldered six-footer. He took my place at the window, and when she had slowed down sufficiently, I could hear voices in the rear counting one, two, three. They were counting themselves as they jumped off. The third man, after calling out his number, sang out, "All right." My friend with the ordnance climbed down on the step and dropped off without a word, and I went on. Presently the conductor came ahead to know why I had shut off. I told him to let off a gang of tramps. That night the express was half an hour late, and passed me in the siding, at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

She had been flagged near where my "tramps" got off. One fellow got on the engine, and entertained the engineer and fireman, while his three partners looted the express car and took up a collection from the passengers.

After that, all freight engines and cabooses were furnished with arms, and as if by magic the tramps deserted our road for nearly a year, by which time the guns had become lost or stolen or useless, and gradually the tramps returned, soon becoming as pestiferous as before.

Owing to the efforts of a firm of real estate speculators, business began to boom on the road to such an extent that two new suburban trains were put on, calling for three passenger engineers, one for each engine, and one to swing between them and take part of a day from each, as the miles and hours were too long.

I was one of the lucky three, and at last found myself in charge of the head end of a passenger train. Being the youngest, I had the relief. That didn't suit me very well, for an engineer always wants to *own* his engine, fix things to suit himself, and have no one to interfere with her. However, it was so very much better than any job I had ever had, that for some time I thought I had reached the very acme of my ambition, and would never ask for anything more; but I had not been on the train six months before a condition arose that was as unpleasant as it was unexpected. It seems that for a couple of years previously the road had not been paying satisfactory dividends, so the board of directors unseated the president and general manager and filled those offices with others, pledged to retrenchment.

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The shop crews were reduced, and even those who were retained were put on short time.

A COSTLY POLICY OF RETRENCHMENT.

A howl went up at once. It was impossible to get work done on engines and cars; breakdowns on the road became the rule instead of, as heretofore, the exception; conductors and engineers had to do most of the repairing when in the side track. The want of links and pins kept the train crews on the lookout for "iron." As brake-shoes were never renewed while a vestige remained, several wrecks were caused by inability to stop trains, any one of which cost the company more than all the brake-shoes used on the road in a year, and for once "no brakes" became, if not a valid, at least a reasonable excuse.

Cheap oil that would not lubricate cut our journals and crankpins, and, besides the time lost on the road, the cars and engines had to be laid up for want of shop men to repair them. Waste was no longer issued, so that the engines became coated with grease and dirt, making it next to impossible to detect a fracture in any of the parts. Under this reform administration the quality of the fuel became so depreciated that it was impossible to make time, the first result of which was that engineers and firemen were suspended, and the next, that business fell off, for people would neither ship their goods nor travel on a road where the service was so unreliable.

Within three months two engines were wrecked, and their engineers killed by broken parallel rods tearing up through the cabs, like huge iron flails, and flogging them to death. In the suit for damages brought by their widows,—as it was proved that the men had reported the necessity of having the brasses in those rods reduced for weeks, but there were no men to do it,—the company had to pay heavy damages. A broken driving-wheel tire ditched a passenger train—more damages.

Discontent was rampant; grumbling and cursing at the management became the order of the day. There was not a mile of safe track on the whole line. The wrecking train was hardly ever idle, and on more than one occasion it became necessary to send another train out to bring her in.

While we were laboring under these aggravating inconveniences, an order was posted on the bulletin board to the effect that, after the first of the next month, all employees receiving one dollar and a half per day, or over, would be cut ten per cent. until further notice. This included engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen. The men gathered in knots and discussed the cut; but as there appeared to be no prospect of their arriving at an understanding, Frank Manly, my friend and particular chum, and I adjourned to my room and drew up two notices, as follows:

NOTICE.

All employees of this road engaged in train service who are dissatisfied with bulletin order No. 3, of June 14th, which orders a reduction of ten per cent. in all salaries of $1.50, or over, are requested to meet at Schroeder's assembly room on the evening of July 1st, at 8.15 sharp. By order of

THE COMMITTEE.

These we printed with pen and ink, so as to make it impossible for any one to trace our handwriting; for, never having written anything of importance before, we had an exaggerated idea of our present undertaking. Then we had them posted, one on the round-house bulletin board and one on the conductor's bulletin board. But it proved hard enough to get the men to the meeting. The genuine railroader, although he would like exceedingly to possess the earth and the fulness thereof, is so everlastingly afraid of losing his job, that he submits to impositions that would cause a revolt in a Chinese laundry, contenting himself with damning the company in a low voice from behind the coal-pile or in the seclusion of his home, while a nod of recognition from the division superintendent, or the mention of his first name by the master mechanic, sets his heart to fluttering with ardent self-congratulations.

The meeting really accomplished nothing, and we held a second, and then a third, when a motion was finally passed to appoint a committee to wait on the president. I started in to nominate members for the committee. After I had nominated half a dozen unwilling candidates, an old fellow jumped up and bawled out: "Sa-ay! you've nominated about everybody in the room to serve on this committee, an' now, by gum, I nominate you." There was a roar of laughter at this, and as soon as it subsided, I turned to the chairman, and said "I accept." This brought down the house. When the cheering was over I nominated the previous speaker, and amid

more noise he accepted. After this we had but little trouble in completing our committee.

AN APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT.

The next day at eleven o'clock, we of the committee sat dressed in our best clothes in the anteroom of the president's office, waiting for an answer to our request for an audience. Presently the door of the spacious private office was thrown wide open, and we were requested to enter. Hats in hands, and hearts in mouths, we filed in, I, in virtue of my office as chairman, at the head. Standing in the middle of the room, both hands in his pockets, his feet spread wide apart, and with an extremely fragrant cigar cocked at an angle of forty-five towards his left eye, was a tall, gray, spare man, plainly but expensively dressed, who when we at last got ourselves shuffled into some kind of order before him, ran his eye keenly along our rank and said:

"Well, gentlemen, I understand that you are a committee representing the employees of my road. Which is your chairman?"

I told him that I was the chairman.

"Ah, yes! what is your name, please?"

I told him.

"And your occupation?"

"Engineer."

"Yes? very well; now you may introduce your committee, please, giving their names and occupations."

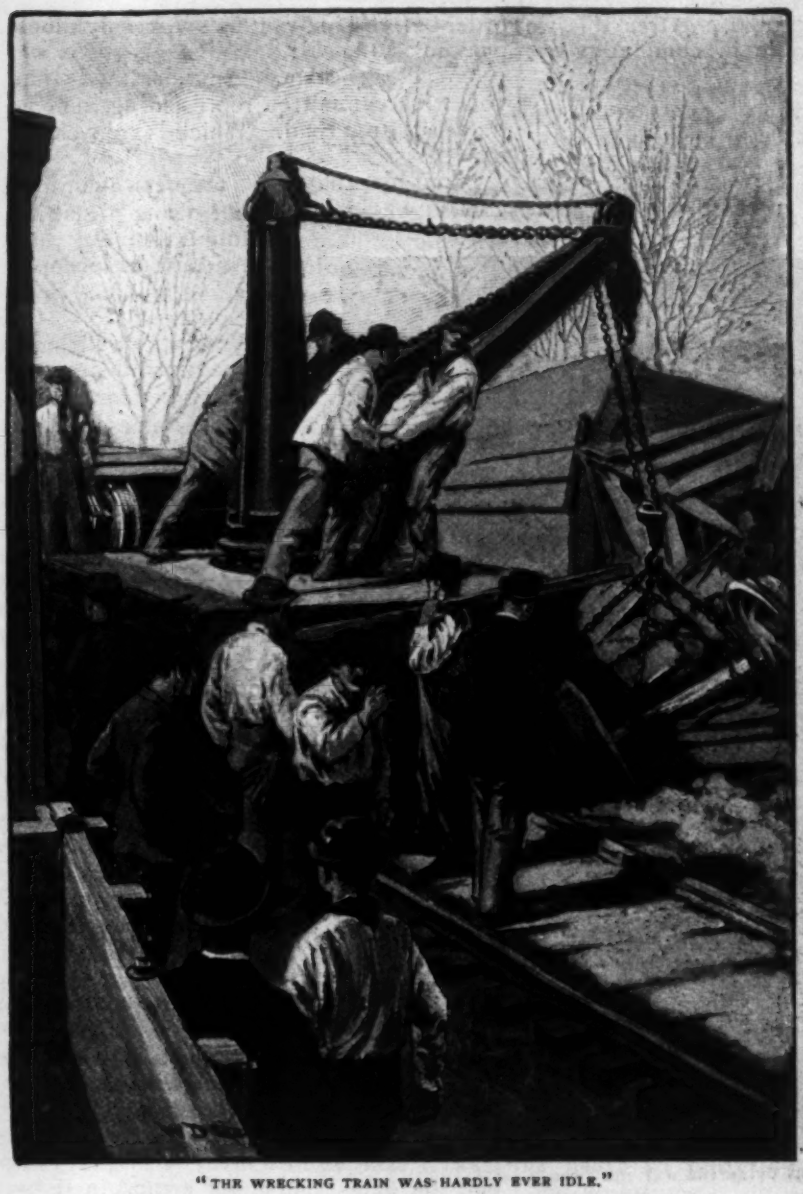
"GIT OUTER THE WAY TILL I SEE."

As I called out their names I could see each individual committeeman shrink and shrivel under the keen critical glance of the magnate, who evidently regarded us as imbeciles or freaks, an odd lot to be studied a bit, wheedled into subjection if possible, but under no circumstances to be allowed to interfere with his financial policy.

And the committee! I know that every mother's son of them was cursing the enthusiastic folly that caused him to accept the appointment.

The brief ceremony of introduction over, the president asked, with a cynical smile: "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" I told him our errand, and he asked if we thought we were more competent to manage the property than he was. Remembering that he was the president, I lyingly told him no. I told him that we didn't expect or wish to manage the property, but that we were working harder than we had ever done before, and getting less pay, which we didn't consider just.

He said that circumstances, which we would not be able to understand, had reduced the earning capacity of the road so that it was unable to pay the interest on its bonds and pay the wages we had heretofore received. He said that if the investors didn't get satisfactory returns for



"THE WRECKING TRAIN WAS HARDLY EVER IDLE."

their money they would have the road put in the hands of a receiver; and then we should be paid in scrip, which we should have to sell for what anybody chose to give for it. Did we think we should be any better off then?

I said, "We don't think—" "Hold on, young man," said he; "you're doing altogether too much of the talking. I want to hear from some of the others." Then pointing to the old conductor who had nominated me on the committee, he said: "You're an old railroad man, and, I presume, a man of family; which would you prefer to do—take home your pay at the end of the month in cash, and, by sacrificing ten per cent. for a short time, help to put the road on a paying basis; or receive your pay in scrip, which you would have to sell for perhaps twenty-five per cent., or more, less than its face value, for an indefinite time?"

"I can't pay my bills with what I'm gittin' now," said the old fellow.

The president bit his lip and flushed at the miscarriage of his attempt to flatter the old man into becoming his ally, and said, with ill-suppressed anger: "I'm afraid the exorbitant wages that you men have been receiving heretofore have induced you to live extravagantly; you should economize; I have to. My salary has been reduced in the same proportion as yours, but I don't go to the board of directors and complain; I accept the situation, and am willing to accept even a further reduction, if necessary, to enable the road to pull through. You men don't understand the situation."

"Probably," said Denny King, the fireman, "you get more now than all of us put together."

"Yes, I presume I do. Presidents are usually paid a higher salary than firemen. But come, I haven't time to stand here talking all day. What do you men want? What is it that you expect me to do?"

"We were sent here, sir, by all the men

engaged in train service, to ask you to restore our pay, and they will expect an answer from you. What are we to tell them?" said I.

"You will tell them that I cannot possibly do so, at this time. But as soon as the earnings of the road will warrant the extra expense, I will consider the matter."

"Then you won't promise that we shall ever get it?" said I.

He was angry again, we could see that; but he controlled himself, thought a moment, and then said: "You may tell them from me, that every man from the president down has been included in this reduction of salaries; that I *hope* it will be only a temporary necessity; and that when the time comes to restore them, the restoration shall begin with the lowest-salaried employees, and I will be the last to benefit by it. I can say no more now. If that isn't satisfactory to you, you'll have to do whatever you see fit."

Turning his back to us, he sat down and began to write. Seeing that there was no more to be said, we walked out without so much as saying good day.

We made our report to the meeting that evening, and a furious debate followed. A vote was taken on the sense of the meeting, and it was shown that nearly three-fourths of those present were in favor of giving the company ample time to show whether they intended to deal fairly by us or not.

TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE EMPLOYEES.

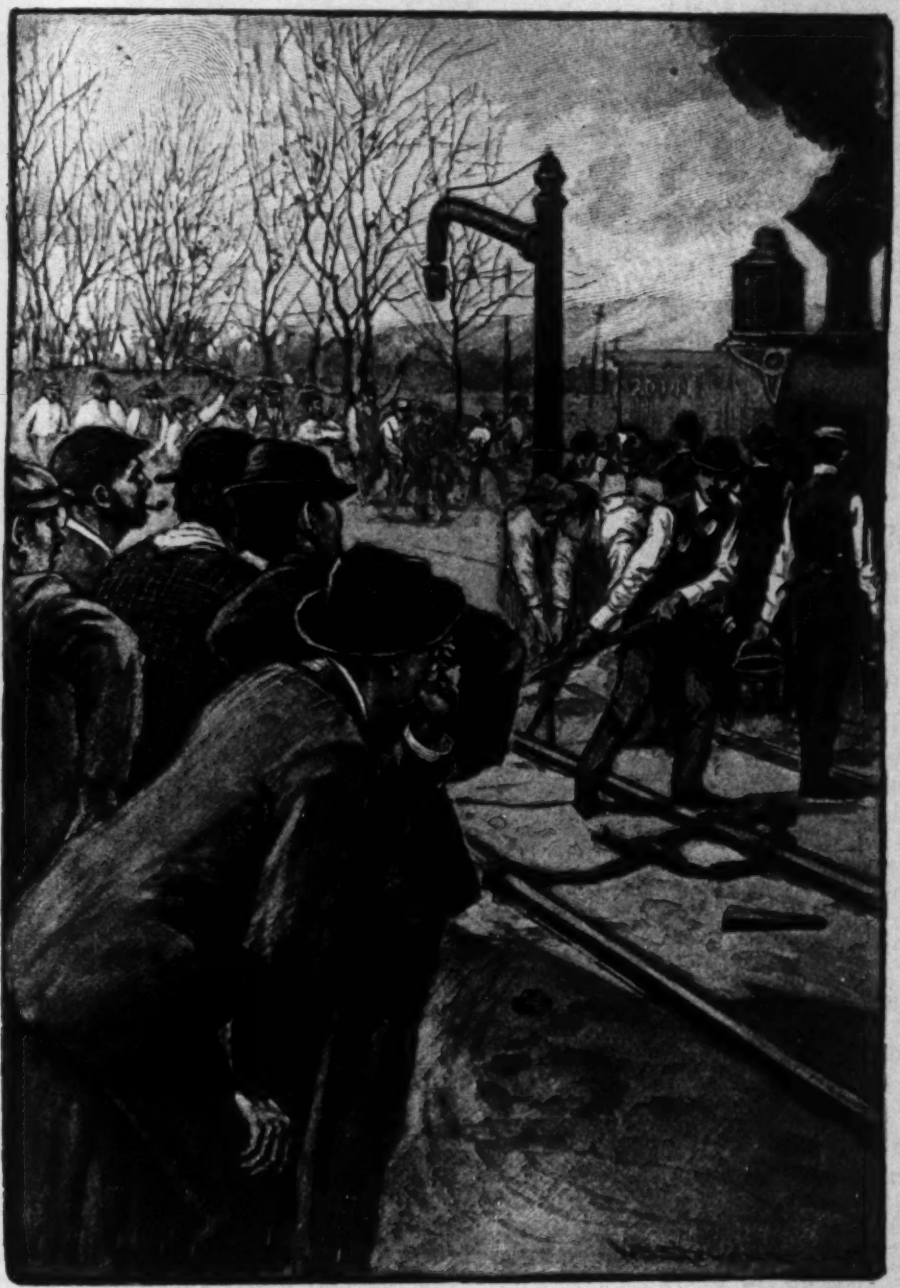
But it would seem that the president was indeed bent on having trouble; for now there commenced a series of discharges for the most trivial causes, and the victims were not the radicals either, but they were almost invariably the conservative old fellows who had been for years in the employ of the company, who had the best trains, and considered themselves fixtures; and who had wisely told us that we mustn't think that we could dictate to a railroad company.

Matters had been going on like this for nearly a year when a rumor began to circulate that the general officers had been put on full pay again. This was soon confirmed by one of the daily papers in a signed article. We called a special meet-

"SA-AY! YOU'VE NOMINATED ABOUT EVERYBODY . . . AN' NOW . . . I NOMINATE YOU."

ing to consider this new grievance. By this time there was no division of opinion. The committee were unanimously instructed to give the president three hours to restore the wages of every man on the road, and if he failed, a word that had been agreed upon was to be sent by telegraph to every conductor and engineer on the road or at work in the yards. A switchman was named in each yard to receive the word, and he was to post it on the bulletin board in the yard-master's office, besides giving it verbally to all the men whom he could reach. The receipt of the word "Rain" constituted a notice for every man to stop work at four P.M. on the following day, no matter where he should be.

The same committee was again sent to interview the president. This time we were not admitted to the inner office; he stepped out into the anteroom and asked



"THE CLERKS IN THE OFFICES WERE HUSTLED OUT INTO THE YARD."

"A HALF BRICK STHUCK A BURLY IRISHMAN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK."

us our business. I reminded him of his promise: that when wages were restored, he would begin at the lowest-salaried man and remain until the last himself. "Well, what of it?" said he. I handed him the paper and asked if the article to which I pointed was true. He glanced over it rapidly, his face flushed to the roots of his hair, and slapping the paper viciously with the back of his left hand, he said, with his teeth clenched and the words hissing through them like steam through a leaky stuffing-box: "This is the most outrageous insult to which I was ever subjected; what do you mean by coming here with this filthy rag? Do you realize that you are accusing me of wilful, deliberate lying?"

I told him that we had made no accusation; but, seeing the statement with the author's name attached, we had concluded that there must be something in it, or if not, that he would thank us for having called his attention to it so that he might punish the slanderer, and, anyhow, we had been sent to him to ask for a restoration of our pay.

He glared at me like a wild beast; I thought he would jump at my throat; but controlling himself with an effort, he said: "I told you men when you were here before, that when the financial condition of the road warranted the restoration of the former rate of pay, I would consider the matter. When that time comes, and I have considered it, you will be informed of my decision."

The brakeman on the committee chipped in here, and asked him if the report in the paper, that the general officers, including himself, had had their pay restored, was true or not?

"I don't think you know to whom you are talking. I will not be catechised. When I have any communication to make to the employees, it will be made in the usual manner, by means of an order."

He was about to return to his sanctum, and seeing that there was absolutely no hope of getting anything out of him, I said: "One moment, sir, if you please; we are not through yet. Our orders are to notify you that unless an order restoring our pay appears within three hours we will resign in a body."

"Who are *we?*"

"Every employee in the train service of this railroad."

"Very well. I can't help it; and as for this committee, you can consider yourselves discharged now, and I shall issue orders at once to have any of you who may be found trespassing on the company's property arrested and lodged in prison."

The door slammed and he was gone; at the same time a policeman appeared from somewhere, and ordered us out of the building.

A STRIKE ON.

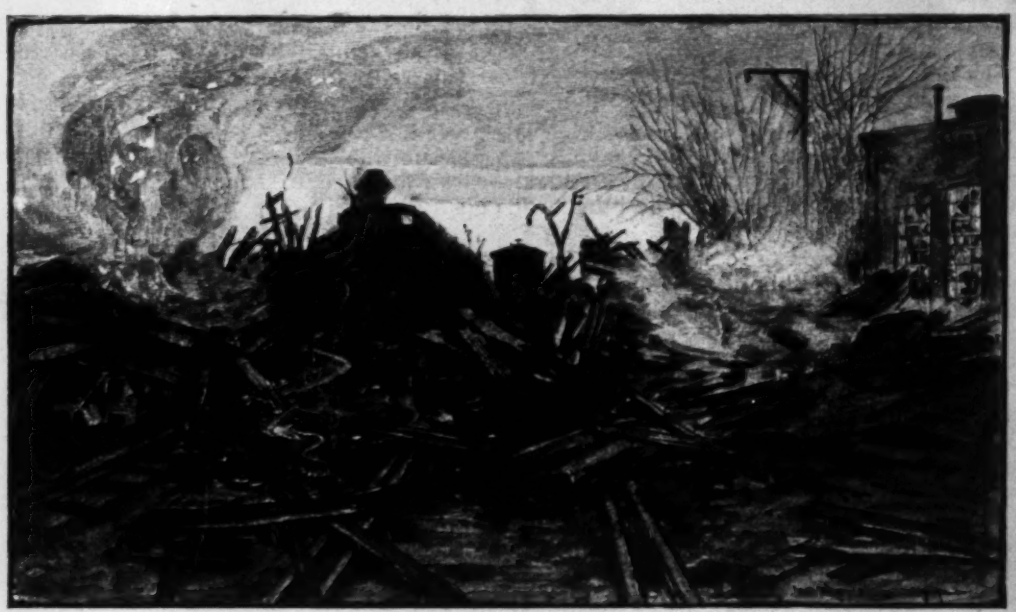
For the next half or three-quarters of an hour we kept a telegraph operator busy sending the word "Rain" to innumerable addresses all along the line. The next day at four o'clock in the afternoon every wheel stopped, and every locomotive fire was dumped on more than seven hundred miles of railroad, including branches and leased

lines. The men were a unit, and the paralysis was perfect.

That night the road was dead. The next morning the papers blazed with accounts of the strike and advertisements for help. Engineers, firemen, railroad men of any kind, laborers who never saw a railroad, anybody that could work, could find permanent employment and good wages at the office of the superintendent of the —— railroad.

The clerks in the offices were hustled out into the yard, and made to sweat and lacerate their delicate hands, tear and soil their clothes, and injure their tender feelings, by pulling spikes from switches, clawing the green coal out of the fireboxes, dragging heavy and "narsty" hoses to the engines, and forming bucket and cordwood brigades, while we sat on the fences and cheered them on to their unaccustomed and unwelcome toil by such remarks as never fail to present themselves to the mind under such circumstances. The new employees, as fast as hired, were sent to help. Their appearance and awkward manner of going about the work offered fresh subjects for our witticisms. Their patience must have been sorely tried. From jeering it was but a short step to throwing various missiles. The clerks dodged in fear and trembling, but the laborers talked back, and gave threat for threat, sarcasm for sarcasm.

At length a half brick struck a burly Irishman in the small of the back as he was straining at the clawbar to draw a spike. He straightened up a moment, rubbed his sore back, and then with a yell of rage he started for a grinning crowd with the heavy clawbar. It was the one spark necessary to kindle a furious conflagration. The whole population of the locality sympathized with us. They were out in force, and when the interloper resented what was considered to be his just deserts, he found that he had stirred up a hornets' nest. The crowd having once broken loose, charged through the yard, driving everything before them. Before the police arrived a dozen fires were started in as many different places; and owing to the impossibility of getting the fire engines through the yard, over fifteen hundred cars, many of them loaded with valuable merchandise, were burned to the ground before the flames could be extinguished, and seven locomotives, their tanks and boilers empty, were completely ruined. The night shut down on a dreary scene of smoking desolation, where but the day before the air had rung with the cheerful sounds of busy commerce. The sheriff telegraphed to the governor for troops, saying that he was unable to control the mob. The next morning militiamen were patrolling the yard, and the work proceeded with no further interruptions than an occasional jeering by the onlookers at the awkward attempts of the new men to get the few remaining dead engines watered and fired up.



"THE NIGHT SHUT DOWN ON A DREARY SCENE OF SMOKING DESOLATION."

In the meantime there was the gravest trouble up the road. At W—— three locomotives had been run into the turntable pit. A rock cut, about a mile west of the station, had been choked by tumbling its natural walls into itself. This was accomplished by dropping cartridges into the seams and cracks along the top and on both sides and exploding them, the natural consequence being that huge blocks were split off and tumbled into the cut. The idea was to close the road and prevent the passage of trains; but after the job was done it occurred to the perpetrators that there was a branch that would enable them to run around the obstruction; so a hand-car was loaded with rend-rock, and four men took it to an iron bridge five miles further east, and before the second morning of the strike dawned, the bridge lay in the creek and the road was most effectually "cut in two."

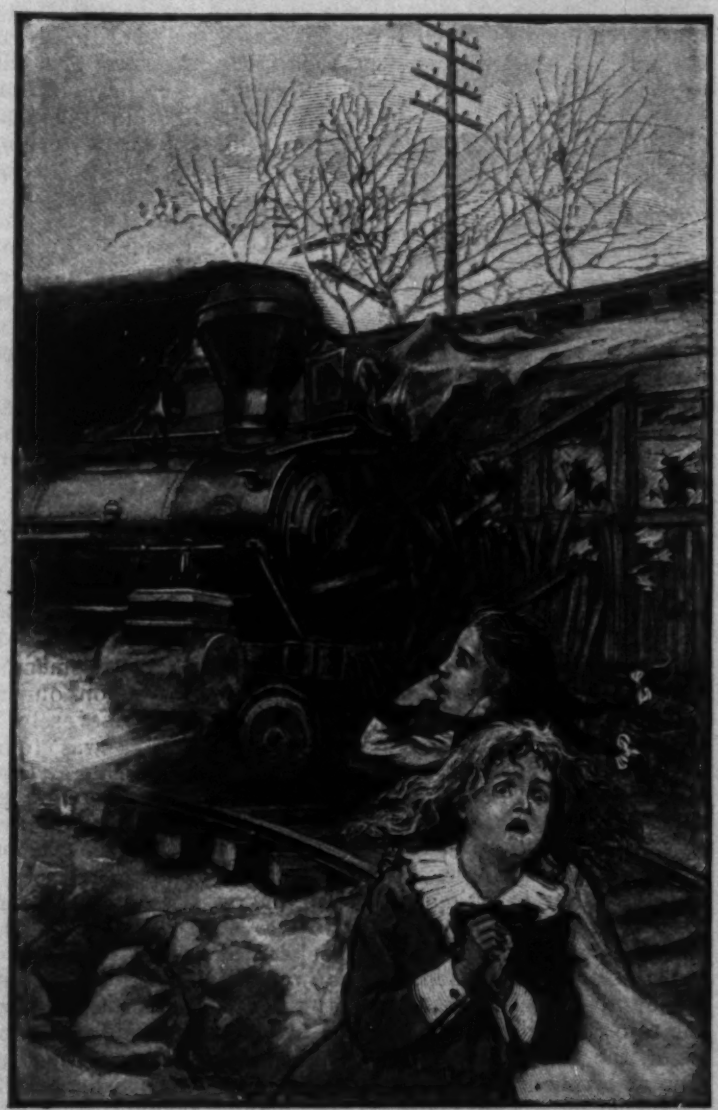
It took them three days to get the trains in. Then, with such men as they could pick up, they began to operate the road—after a fashion. The president, having now presumably recovered from the first shock of the strike, swore out warrants for the arrest of all the members of the committee. Not caring to gratify the gentleman's animosity by serving the State at his request, I left town between two days, in company with my friend Manly. It was some time before, with hand on throttle and head out of window, I again went spinning over the iron.

WRECK OF AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

I had noticed that the flanges on the leading engine truck wheels were getting worn pretty thin and sharp, and had spoken to the foreman about turning the truck round, so as to bring the good wheels ahead. He had promised to do so, but, as I suppose he didn't consider it a matter of immediate importance, he let it go a week. I let it run for another week, and then, as I didn't consider the engine to be quite safe with them, I told the foreman that I should have to go to the master mechanic about it, if he didn't attend to it right away.

"All right," said he; "I'll surely do it next trip in. I've been so busy for the last couple of weeks that I couldn't possibly spare a man a minute for any purpose."

"Very well," said I; "I'll take her out this trip; but I won't take her out again until that truck's turned round; 'tain't safe."



"THE ENGINE CRASHED DIAGONALLY THROUGH FOUR CARS."

A heavy Sunday-school excursion train left half an hour ahead of me. As she was an extra, I had no occasion to look out for her; it was her business to keep out of my way. They had ten cars, every seat filled, mostly with women and children. The ferry-boat was ten minutes late, and as our time had been shortened up fifteen minutes on the last time-table, I knew I would have hard work to get in on time. So as soon as I got clear of the yard, I let the old girl go for all there was in her, working all the fine points known to engineers to get every ounce of speed out of her, and yet keep her in steam, fire, and water. Eight miles out there was a low ridge over which the road ran; it was a short, rather steep grade up, and then a long gentle sweep down for about two miles, around a curve, and then fairly level running ground for the next twenty-five miles. When she pitched over the top of the knoll, I started down the long grade at a good gait, for here was my chance to get a swing on to carry me over the long level stretch beyond the curve.

As she gathered headway, I hooked her back a notch at a time until she was flying like a comet. The cars rolled like logs in a lake, and as I glanced back the last two were entirely obscured by the dense cloud of dust that we tore up from the track as we sped along. She was going sixty-five miles per hour if she was an inch. As I approached the curve I could see that the excursion train was in the switch just beyond waiting for me. I blew a crossing signal to let them know that I was coming, because excursionists have a great habit of getting off and spreading themselves all over creation every time their train stops, and I didn't wish to kill any of them. I fancied I could hear the women and children utter little frightened screeches as we flew by them.

It was a long, easy curve, and yet the speed was such that she struck it as solidly as if it had been a brick wall; she tossed her head round for an instant, and then plunged straight into the side of that ten-car train crammed full of happy women and children.

The flange of the leading wheel on the engine truck had broken and allowed the engine to leave the track. Naturally, as she tore the rails from the ties in her mad flight, the whole train followed her. The engine crashed diagonally through four cars, smashing them as effectually as you could smash the same number of eggs with an axe. The cars following rammed, telescoped, and climbed over the others. When the engine stopped she lay on her left side beyond the siding. The cab was gone, the fireman was gone, but on my side of the run-board—at my very feet—lay the bodies of three little girls.

I tried to get up, but found that my right leg was held fast by one of the cab braces that had bent over and jammed it. The sounds that came from the wreck were appalling—yells and groans in the shrill voices of women and children, with occasionally a deeper tone, showing where a man was. I did not know at first that I was hurt at all, but now my imprisoned leg began to pain me; then I felt a suffocating sensation within, as if a blood-vessel had been ruptured and I was being drowned out with my own blood. My eyes became dim, my head swam, and I saw horrible sights.

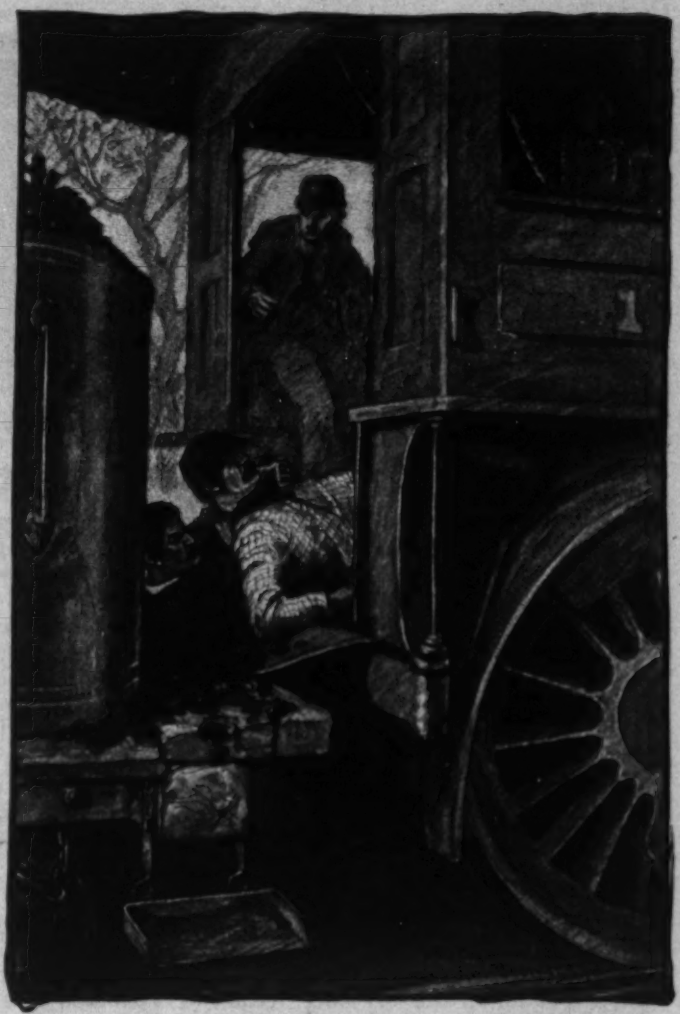
The next thing that I knew I was in a hospital, a "sister" bathing my forehead with cool water. I tried to ask where I was, but she told me to be quiet. It was a week before my wife was allowed to see me; she told me that a large number of people on both trains had been killed outright and many more injured.

When the wrecking-train was called, the round-house foreman, who was called to go with it, disappeared, leaving his job and family behind; and although we heard occasional rumors of his having been seen in various parts of the country, he never came back, and I do not think that his family ever heard from him afterwards.

I had several ribs broken and received internal injuries from the effects of which I have never fully recovered to this day. My fireman was killed and his body completely dismembered, but no other employee on our train, strange to say, was at all severely injured. The baggage-master was found buried under a huge pile of heavy trunks which had been piled to the roof on each side of the car, and although the car rolled over on its side, with the exception of a few bruises he was unhurt.

I was exonerated from all blame both by the coroner and the company, and ordered to report for duty as soon as I felt able to do so; but though I had never been the least bit squeamish over accidents before, this one took a strong hold on me. There were several families in the little town where I lived that had relatives maimed or killed in the wreck; and though I knew that I was not legally responsible,

yet the thought that I might have prevented it by refusing to take the engine out tormented me so that I could hardly sleep nights. My appetite failed and I became thin, weak, and nervous. Finally, during a conversation with my wife, I promised her never to touch a locomotive throttle again, and, with one exception, I never have.



"HE . . . NEARLY SQUELCHED THE BREATH OUT OF MY BODY AS HE FELL ON TOP OF ME."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

The circumstances of this one exception were peculiar. I had now become a conductor, and I was called on one day to take out a special,—a frequent occurrence, as the land speculators were in the habit of giving free excursions occasionally to prospective purchasers. It was a hot day, and when I went ahead to speak to the engineer and see if he was ready, I noticed that he looked flushed and warm, but paid no attention, as it was quite natural that he should on such a day. We had a little talk concerning the trains and where we had better sidetrack, and it was agreed that we would not be able to make more than ten miles before we would have to take the switch for the first inward-bound train. When the passengers were all on I gave the signal and he pulled out with a jerk, slipping his drivers in a way that was irritating to an old engineer like myself. Before we were clear of the yard he was going at a forty-mile gait and the cars were thumping over the frogs and switches at a great rate. I wondered what he was going so fast for, because we had plenty of time to get to the switch and there was no possibility of our going any further. When we struck out into the open country the speed increased until I remarked to the baggage-master that the engineer seemed to be in an immense hurry. I looked at my watch, made a rapid mental calculation, and decided that he was trying for the next siding, eight miles further along. If he kept up the gait that he was going,—and it was an open question whether he could or not,—he would reach the switch five minutes before the opposing train was due, which was not time enough; besides, a thousand and one things might happen to reduce his speed. And if the steam dropped five pounds it would knock him out. What could he be thinking of? I wondered.

We were within an eighth of a mile of the near end of the siding and I pulled the bell; but he passed the switch without slackening his speed, and paid not the slightest attention to my signal. I stepped into the smoker and pulled the air-valve wide open that set the Westinghouse brakes, and brought the train to a standstill just as the last car cleared the switch,

I told the rear man to open the switch so that we could back in, and jumped down on the ground to give the engineer the signal. As I came in sight of the cab, he stuck his head out of the window and shouted to me in a thick, unsteady voice, which explained at once what the trouble was, "Say, did you pull the air on me?" and he called me everything but a decent white man.

There was no time to blarney with him. I went back into the smoker and got the ventilator stick, which I concealed under my coat. I then told the head brakeman to come with me and look out for the engineer when I should get him out of the cab, and I told the baggage-master that I would blow three short whistles when I got control of the engine, in case I found that I was unable to relieve the brakes, and in that case he should crawl under the cars and bleed them off. I saw that neither of them relished the jobs that I had set them, and I knew that by many of the men I was regarded as an interloper from the East, so there was a chance that they might be more than willing to see me stuck. However, this was a time for action, not words; so, calling to the brakeman to come on, I again jumped off, on the left side, and, shouting to the rear man to go back with his flag, I ran quickly ahead to the engine, where I could hear the engineer vainly attempting to release the brake and cursing away to himself and the fireman as I stepped lightly up into the tender.

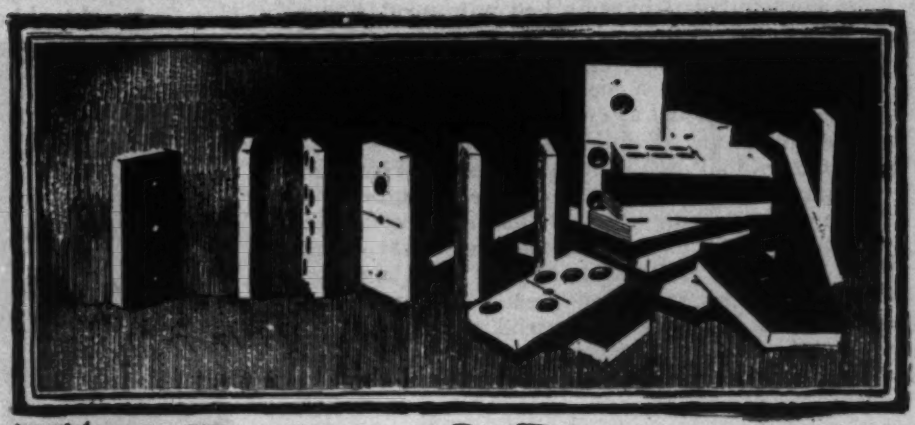
As I got up on the left side, neither of them saw me at first. The fireman was sitting on his seat, watching the engineer and idly ringing the bell, while the engineer himself was just in the act of pulling the reverse lever over to "take the slack," hoping, no doubt, to be able to start her in spite of the brakes.

I let him get her in the back motion, and then seizing him by both shoulders, I settled back with all my might, dragging him from the foot-board down on top of myself. He was a big, fat fellow, and nearly squelched the breath out of my body as he fell on top of me, the wet coal splashing from under us, as when a barrel is dropped into the water. It cost me a couple of minutes' hard struggle to turn him over, but, having done so, I didn't hesitate to give him a hearty rap with the ventilator stick, which quieted him at once; then I looked for my valuable assistant. He was on the ground, looking on. "Get out ahead there and flag," said I, and away he went. Then, stepping up in the cab, I found, to my great relief, that I was able to let the brakes off from there, the air-pump having had time to get the pressure up while I had been arranging matters with the engineer; so, telling the fireman to get off and close the switch after me, I backed the train in and called my head flag. By this time the engineer showed signs of returning consciousness; so I found a piece of bell-cord in the tank-box, and, calling on the baggage-master and brakeman, we tied him and put him in the baggage car. By that time the opposing train had passed, and I started the train. The fireman, who was not any too sober, here interfered, saying he wouldn't fire for "no brass-bound conductor!" My blood was pretty well up now, so I jumped down in the tank and argued with him for about three minutes in a manner that convinced him that his easiest way was to do whatever the "brass-bound conductor" told him to.

I stopped at the first telegraph office and sent back for an engineer. They sent me one, so that I only had to run the engine one way; but I was a sight for gods and men when I returned to the train. My coat was split up the back and one sleeve torn entirely out. I was drenched from head to foot in the inky black water into which I had fallen in the tender, and had a bad cut in the back of my head, from which the blood had flowed copiously, contributing a variety to the otherwise somber uniformity of my dirt.

The engineer was, of course, discharged; and the head brakeman, for having failed to assist me in capturing the engine, was jacked up for thirty days. As no one had seen the scrap between the fireman and me, and as he turned out to be a very decent fellow, with a widowed mother to support, I omitted making any report against him.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the last of Mr. Hamblen's papers depicting the life of the railroad worker as it is in actual daily experience. With this veritable record before them, our readers will now be particularly interested in some short stories soon to begin in the Magazine, which give the story-teller's presentation of the same life. The author of these stories, Mr. John A. Hill, like Mr. Hamblen, has been "all through it" himself. He was a locomotive engineer on the Rio Grande in the early days when every "run" yielded a strange adventure. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal, but their extraordinary combination of truth to fact with rare, romantic incident makes them of as much interest to the general public as to railroad people, and justifies their re-publication. A remarkably strong and original story by Mr. Hill, entitled "The Polar Zone," but not strictly a railroad story, will be printed in the May number.



The Row of Dominoes

BY FRANK CRANE

The First Domino set up

THE appearance of a police court in Chicago is very like what I imagine the seat of justice must have been in the gates of an oriental city, where all who had grievances crowded unceremoniously about the judge and vociferously argued their cases, which were decided by the magistrate with summary decision. In front of the police justice's desk there is a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity. There are thugs, vagrants, thieves, confidence men, and drunkards, together with interested friends, curious onlookers, and the officers. The justice calls the case, and the parties concerned push their way to his desk, which is on an elevated platform, so that the chins of the litigants just appear above the edge of it. He glances at the upturned faces, swiftly administers the oath in a scarcely articulate mutter, and tells them to go on and tell what they know. While they are making their statements the justice is busy signing warrants and making entries on the sheet before him. Occasionally an affidavit is handed him which he looks over; then rises, and without interrupting the witness, administers an oath to some person away back in the mass, who raises his hand, nods his head, and goes away.

On this particular occasion an old man was brought into court charged with stealing a bottle of gin from a department store. This he had done by slyly setting down over it a wrapper of brown paper, done up to look like a parcel, but with one end open. When he picked up his parcel again, it would not have been perceived that the bottle was in it, had not a house detective observed the whole transaction.

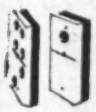
After the detective had made his complaint and rehearsed the facts in the case, the magistrate addressed the culprit:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor," replied he, "I took it.

"... a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity."

I don't deny it. But I took it to get bread for my family. I haven't had any work for three months. My daughter had a job at Frank Brothers', but lost it a week ago. My boy was a messenger for the express company, but a few days back he was let out too. My wife is an invalid. What to do I didn't know. Just the other day a neighbor of mine dropped in, and we got to talking. I told him my situation, and that I had about made up my mind to steal. 'Well,' he says, 'I don't know but that's a good plan. I knew of a man once—he was friend of mine—and he was in just your fix, to a t-y-ty. I'll tell you about him,' he says."



The Second Domino set up

This man's name was Dennis Fagan. He lived over on Halsted Street. He was an iron molder and a good workman, and as industrious as ever a man was. When the big strike came on, he was thrown out of a place. He went around hunting something to do, but he couldn't find anything. He had some forty dollars that his wife had saved up, and that supported them for a while. But by and by that ran out. He was tramping the streets the whole time, and never a job could he strike. At last he gets desperate and says to himself that he'll steal something before he'll see his children starve. There was a butcher shop near by his house, and it was right on the corner of a street and an alley. Dennis had been past there many a time, and had noticed that there was a window in the shed back of the store. In this window he had often observed there was meat hanging up, a ham or a shoulder of mutton or a quarter of beef. So he makes up his mind he will go and take some meat out of that window. So one night he goes and watches around until about one o'clock in the morning, and then, when there's nobody passing and he thinks the coast is all clear, he sneaks down the alley and begins work on the window. He gets it open, and is just making off with a nice big ham when along comes a policeman and nabs him. "What are you doing with that ham?" says he.

"I'm a-taking it home," says Denny.

"Well, this is a pretty time of night to be a-taking meat home," says the policeman. "I guess I'll run you in," says he.

"Why should you be arresting me?" says Denny. "I'm an honest man," says he. "I've been out till late at work over on the North Side, and never got home till twelve, and the old woman made me go and get this meat that she had bought to-day, and bring it home so the children could have it for breakfast," says he.

"That's a pretty story," says the officer. "You remind me of a fellow my partner was a-telling me about the other evening."

The Third Domino set up

My partner was on the detective force of the drainage canal last year. The men employed there were mostly of the tough sort, and they gave the neighbors along the line of the work a good deal of trouble with their pilfering and brawling and disorderly conduct one way and another. There had been considerable complaint, and the chief had given the officers strict orders to keep close lookout for all who were acting suspiciously. One night my partner, whose name was Tompkins, was coming down the street of a little village, near by one of the laborers' camps, and was keeping close to the dark side of the street, under the shadow of the houses, where the moonshine wouldn't disclose him, and he saw a fellow trying to get into a store. He was picking at the lock of the door when Tompkins caught sight of him.

"'Don't shoot,' says the man, 'don't shoot.'"

Tompkins sneaked up as close as he could without alarming the fellow, and then he covered him with his revolver and ordered him to throw up both his hands.

"Don't shoot," says the man, "don't shoot. This is my store. I left something in it that I have to get, and I forgot my key."

"That may be all so," says Tompkins, "but you can explain that to the judge. Your actions are suspicious. You'll come along with me."

"Who are you?" says the fellow.

"I'm an officer of the law," answers Tompkins, showing his star.

"Well, if that don't beat the mischief!" says the man, and then he burst out laughing. "Arrested for breaking into my own store!" says he.

"That's all right," says Tompkins, "but you go along in front of me, and don't you try to get away or give me trouble, or you'll be lame."

So they went on, the fellow marching before and my partner right behind him. As they were going along the fellow says:

Say, this is rich. By gum! Arrested for burgling my own store! Say, officer, this reminds me of a case that happened an uncle of mine in the war. He was in Sherman's army when it was going from Atlanta to the sea, you know. They had made camp one night down in southern Georgia somewhere, and my uncle, with a lot of other boys, concluded to go out foraging. Victuals weren't so mighty plenty, and there was a sort of an understanding that when the boys got a chance, they could shift for themselves. So this night, about midnight, Uncle George and six or seven others stole out of camp and made for a farmhouse they had seen that day back a piece on the road. After an hour's walk they got to the place, and succeeded in bagging a couple of dozen chickens. They wrung their necks, and put them in a sack, and started for camp. They hadn't gone far till they heard horses' hoofs behind them, and thinking the guerrillas were after them, they broke for the woods on either side of the road. They got separated, and it was nearly daybreak before Uncle George came to our sentries. He was alone, for he had lost the rest of the boys in their run through the timber. The sentry stopped him, and asked him for

"'Well, if that don't beat the mischief!' says the man, and then he burst out laughing."

the countersign; and, sir, by jing! Uncle George had clean forgot it. No, sir, couldn't think of it to save his life. There wasn't any use trying to argue with the sentinel, and so he had to sit there under guard. The sentry knew him well, but he couldn't do anything but arrest him unless he could think of that password. So Uncle George he sat there cursing his luck. Pretty soon he says:

". . . and there he was . . . he worked at the door a little, and then gave it up."

The Fifth Domino set up

Say, Ed—Ed Beecham was the picket's name—say, Ed, says he, this is something like old man Fister's experience when his wife wouldn't let him into the house, isn't it? Ed said he didn't remember hearing that one. Well, says Uncle George, you remember old man Fister used to live in that big house in Naperville, out in the edge of town? He was a miserly old codger, and terribly afraid of burglars and thieves, and his wife was a heap more fidgety than he was. He used to keep his house locked up with patent locks on the doors, and always had a gun handy where he could shoot anybody prowling around. One night he thought he heard a noise like some one was picking at the lock on the front door. He lay still awhile, and the noise kept on. He crept out of bed, and started to investigate, keeping quiet so he wouldn't wake his wife up. He sneaked down stairs and out at the side door, aiming to peek around the corner of the house to see who was in front. He left the side door open so that he could get back. He crept around the walk and looked, but there wasn't anybody there at the front door. He went up to it and listened, and he could hear a gnawing sound inside. It was a rat that he had heard. Calling himself a fool he went back, but just as he got to the door he had left open, a gust of wind blew it shut. And there he was, with nothing on but his night-shirt. He didn't have a key, and the door was fastened with one of these new-fangled spring locks that wouldn't open for love nor money. He worked at the door a little, and then gave it up. Then he went around to the windows, but they were all fastened

" Uncle George had clean forgot it!"

"The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender."

tighter than wax with bolts and things. It was in the spring, and not so mighty cold; but along about this time in the morning it was considerably chilly for a man that didn't have anything on but a shirt that took him just below the knees. There was nothing for it but to try to wake his wife. So he went to the front door and rattled it. It was some time before he aroused her, and when he did she woke up with a yell, thinking that the burglars had got her sure. She felt over for her husband, and when she discovered he wasn't there, she was more scared than ever. She didn't waste any time seeing who it was banging at the door, but she just hoisted the window and let out screech after screech for the police. Now, it happened that there was a new man on for town watchman that night, a man that didn't know Fister. He chanced to be near, and came running up with his gun ready to shoot the first thing he saw.

"Don't shoot, please don't!" says Fister, shaking with fear and cold.

The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender. Fister said he would be glad to surrender, as he was freezing to death. He begged the watchman to let him go to the barn for a horse-blanket to wrap himself in. So they went to the barn and got the blanket, and Fister was quite comfortable.

"Now," he says, "if you will just let me tell that idiot of a woman up there who I am, it'll be all right. My name is Fister. I own this house. I thought I heard burglars, and came out to find them, and the door slammed on me, and not having any key I couldn't get back."

They went around to the window where the woman had been screaming, but she wasn't there. She had got so scared that she had gone back to bed and covered her head up in the bedclothes. Fister yelled and yelled, but the old woman was a little deaf and a heap scared, and couldn't have heard Gabriel's trumpet.

"Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" says Fister. "This is about the awkwardest mess I ever heard tell of. It reminds me of what the school-teacher told us last night about what happened to a king once in those books of his."

Muffling himself in the blanket, Fister sat down on a rustic seat with the watchman, under the window, and proceeded to tell:

The Sixth Domino set up

The school-teacher said there was a king once in one of those Eastern countries that thought he would like to do a little investigating on his own account to see about the condition of things among his people, for he had a suspicion that his ministers and courtiers were lying to him. So one night he put on a disguise and escaped from the palace when everybody thought he was in bed and asleep, and started out. He sauntered along the street seeing what he could see. All of a sudden a woman jumped out from behind a porch, and, catching hold of his coat, asked him to come along and help her, for she was in great trouble. The king talked with her a little, trying to find out what was her difficulty; but she wouldn't say anything except she was in great distress and would be ruined unless some noble stranger would come to her rescue. They talked on until they came

"That settled it for him."

under the light that shone from a shop window, and then the king noticed that the woman was mighty pretty. That settled it for him, for he was fond of a beautiful woman, as kings usually are. So he said all right, he'd go. She led him along through the streets until they came to a great big house. She opened the door with her key, and in they went, she cautioning him to keep quiet as he valued his life. Taking his hand she toled him on, and they came to a door, which she opened. Going into the room, he saw by the dim light of a lamp that there was a bed there and the form of a man on it. He went up to the bed to look at the man and saw that he was dead, and the blood had run out of the wound in his breast all over the sheets. Just then the woman set up a loud hollo for help, and cried bloody murder.

The servants came running in, and then, sir, by cracky, if she didn't go and lay the murder of that man on the bed on to the king!

Well, the upshot of it was that they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon. The next morning they led him before a judge, and the woman came there and swore point blank that she had seen the king murder her husband, when all along, you know, she did it herself. The judge asked the king then what he had to say for himself why he shouldn't be choked to death with a bow-string. The king was brave, and wasn't frightened much, and he said the whole business was a lie; and then he told the straight of the matter, but without letting on who he was.

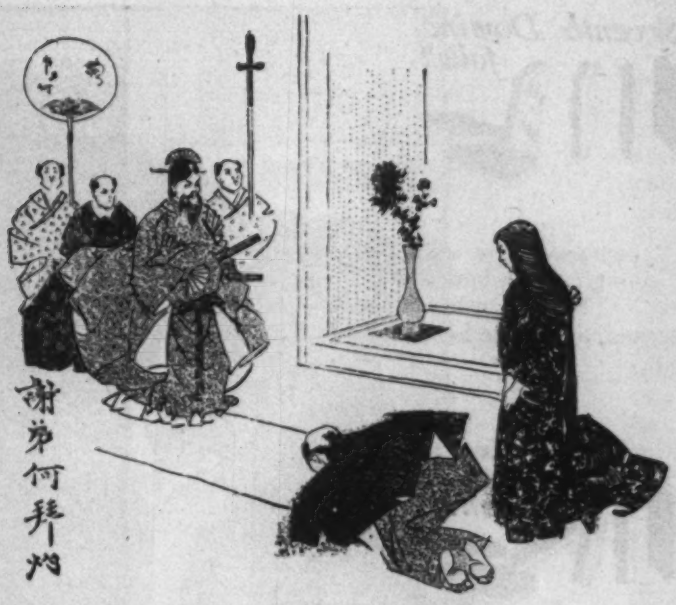
". . . they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon."

But the woman, or some of her people, slipped money into the judge's hand, and he was for hanging the king right off. The king said that was a curious way of dispensing justice. He said it made him think of a story that had been told him the other day about a monarch that got into difficulty.

This monarch, said the king, was called Fan-wing, and he was the emperor of the Chinese. He lived away back yonder some thousands of years ago. One time he was having a war with the Jews, and his army was besieging one of their cities. Just for fun the emperor went out one night with a company of his soldiers, disguised as a common person, to see if they couldn't make a sneak into the enemy's walls. Unfortunately the whole batch of them was captured. They were cast into prison, and the jailer treated them scandalously. But the daughter of the jailer saw this emperor, and fell in love with him, and used to bring him knick-knacks and things, and finally she connived so that he escaped. Not long after this the city fell. The emperor ordered the jailer and his family to be looked after and brought before him. When the jailer came into the emperor's presence and saw that it was his old prisoner that he had so misused, he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes, because Fan-wing had talked sweet to her, and had promised in the cell that if he ever got out of that he would do something handsome to the lady that had treated him so kindly.

"Well," says the emperor, "you old rip, what have you got to say for yourself? You treated us outrageous when you had us, and it's nothing but fair that I should rub it into you, now I've got you."

The jailer threw himself down on the



" . . . he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes. . . ."

floor and fairly wallowed and begged for mercy, and promised never to do it again.

"I don't much think you will," says the monarch, kind of significant like, "because you're liable to have throat trouble mighty soon. As for your beautiful daughter, I'm going to marry her; but I've a notion to have your measly head whacked off at once."

"Alas!" says the jailer, "this is like the case of our father Adam."

"And what was that?" asks the emperor, for those Orientals are always keen to hear a yarn.

The Eighth Domino set up

Well, says the jailer, it's all about how Adam came to his death. Didn't you ever hear that? The emperor said he never had heard it, and the jailer went on. Adam was only nine hundred and thirty years old, when one day he was out in the woods and was surrounded by a troop of lions. They grabbed him before he could get away, and took him to their king, an old lion that lived up in the mountains. When they had got there and he was brought up before the great beast, he was asked what his name was. He said it was Adam. Then they asked him what kind of a creature he was, and he said, "A Man." And when he said that, the old king lion got mad in a jiffy.

"You are of that race that slays all the other beasts!" he says. "One of my people strayed near your dwelling not long ago, and you slew him and skinned him. What have you to say why you also should not be slain and skinned?"

"Your majesty," says Adam, "all I can say is to remind you of an incident that occurred to one of my children. He was——"

The Eighth Domino falls!

"No, you don't!" says the king lion. "This reminding business has gone far enough. We have got back to the first man now, and if we reverse this thing and start again towards the nineteenth century, there'll be no stopping it. It might as well end right now."

Whereupon the beasts fell upon Adam and finished him.

"Very well," remarked the emperor, "what is good enough for Adam is good enough for you." So he ordered the jailor to be executed, and made his daughter his 135th wife.

When the king had ended his story, some of the courtiers happened in the court-room, recognized him, and rescued him. The king then commanded the unjust judge and the wicked woman to be tied together in a sack and pitched into the river.

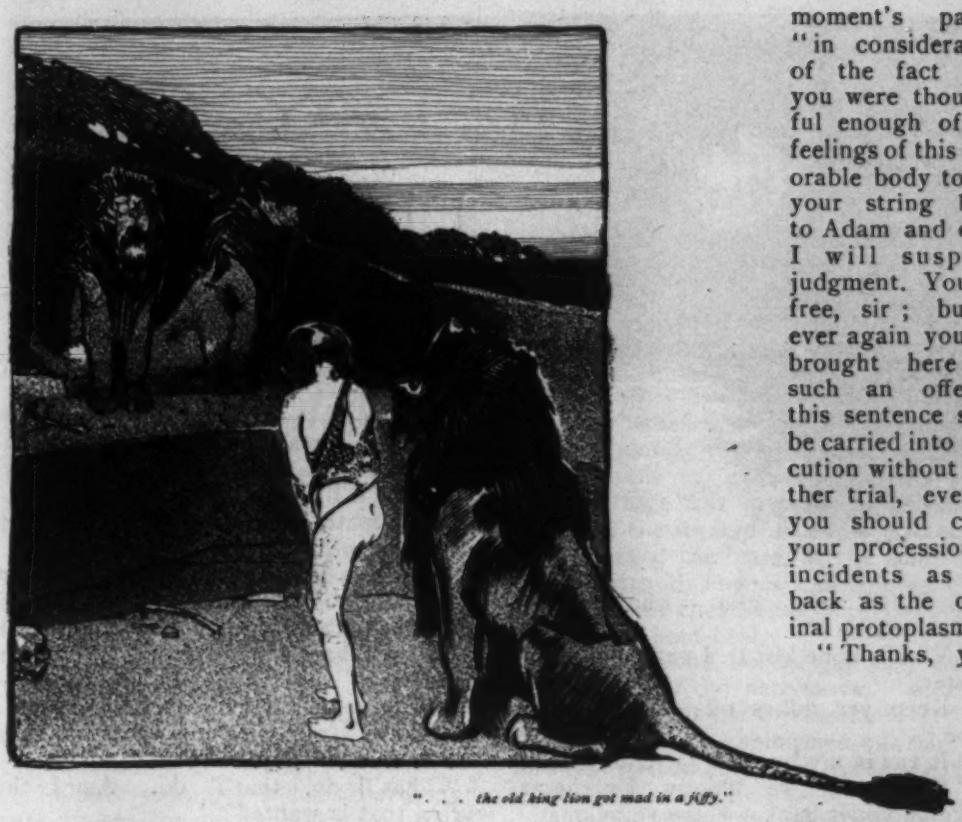
By this time Mrs. Fister had sufficiently recovered from her fright to look out of the window again. She recognized her husband, and let him in.

My uncle George slapped his knee and exclaimed that that recalled the countersign—"Let him in." The sentry laughed, and allowed him to go on to his tent.

As he completed his tale, the supposed burglar, followed by Tompkins, ran across the Chief of Detectives himself, who knew the prisoner as an honest man and released him.

The policeman had become so interested in his own narrative that he was put off his guard, when suddenly the thief bolted with his ham into a dark passageway and escaped. He eluded the bullets fired after him, and was never discovered.

"Well," said the court, "I shall have



". . . the old king lion got mad in a jiffy."

moment's pause, "in consideration of the fact that you were thoughtful enough of the feelings of this honorable body to run your string back to Adam and quit, I will suspend judgment. You are free, sir; but if ever again you are brought here on such an offense, this sentence shall be carried into execution without further trial, even if you should carry your procession of incidents as far back as the original protoplasm."

"Thanks, your honor," returned the venerable Mr. Scheherazade, drying his eyes upon his sleeve, "thanks! Hereafter I shall steal no more; but shall confine myself to the more honorable occupation of lying."

to fine you one hundred dollars and costs, sir, for taking up the valuable time of this court with this rigmarole."

The old man bowed his head and wept.

"But," continued the judge, after a

DRAWINGS BY ORSON LOWELL

THE DAY OF THE DOG

By Morgan Robertson.

Pictures by Corwin K. Linson

"LIGHT the glim—who's got a match?"

"Vere is mine kist? I get some stick-plaster."

"Keep yer dukes off thot bag; it's mine."

"It vas in my bunk."

"Yer bunk, ye bloody Dutchman! Take an upper bunk—where ye belong."

"Who's got a match? I'm bleedin' like a stuck pig."

"That mate or me won't finish the voyage 'f he kicks me again."

"No oil in the blasted lamp! Go aft to the steward, one o' ye, an' get some oil."

"Where's that ordinary seaman? Go get some oil; find him in the galley."

"There goes royal sheets—we'll have a reefin' match 'fore mornin'."

"An' I'd be a lot o' use on a yard to-night; I can't take a good breath."

"I dink he stove in your rips, Yim, ven he yump off de fo'castle on you. He loose mine teet."

"He won't do it often. Wonder if sheath-knives'll go in this ship?"

"In my last ship day dake 'em avay by der dock."

"Dry up—you an' yer last ship; it's the likes o' you that ruins American ships. What d'ye let go the t'gallant-sheet for?"

"I dink it vas der bowline. It vas der bowline-pin on."

"Where's that boy? Did he go for some oil?"

"Here he is. Got some oil?"

"Steward says to light up a slush-bucket to-night. He ain't got no oil to spare, but'll break some out in the mornin'."

"Hope it'll break his neck doin' it."

"The mate says to rout out the dead man an' send him aft."

"Where is he? Get an iron slush-bucket out o' the bosun's locker, an' ask Chips for some oakum—never mind, here's a bunch. Where's that feller? Can he move yet?"

"Here he is. Hey, matey, heave out. Gentleman aft on the poop wants to shake hands. Out o' that wi' you!"

"That'll do, that'll do. Am I the corpse that is wanted?"

"Turn out!"

"I've listened to the conversation, but can understand nothing of it beyond the profanity. Can any one inform me in the darkness where I am? Am I at sea?"

"You are—at sea, one day out, in the hottest, bloodiest packet that floats. The mate wants you. Get out, or he'll be here. Come on, now; we've had trouble enough this day."

The flare of burning oakum in a bucket of grease illumined the forecastle and the disfigured faces of seven men who were clustered near a lower bunk. From this bunk scrambled a sad wreck. A well-built young man, it was, with a shock of long, thick hair overhanging a clean-cut face, which the flickering light showed to be as bronzed by sun and wind as those of the sailors about him; but in this face were weary, bloodshot eyes, and tell-tale lines that should not have been there; a quarter-inch stubble of beard and mustache covered the lower part, and it was further embellished by the grime of the gutter. The raggedest rags that could carry the name of shirt, trousers, or coat clothed the body; sockless feet showed through holes in the shoes; and from the shoulders, under the coat, hung by a piece

of cord an empty tomato-can with brilliant label.

"Tramp, be the powers," said one. "Isn't thot the name o' the bird, Jim?"

"Right you are, Dennis," said the one addressed—a tall, active American: he who had been called "Yim" by the sympathizing Swede with the "loosed" teeth.

"Yes," said the wreck, "tramp, that's my latest rôle. How'd I get here? I was in a saloon, drinking, but I don't remember any more. I might have been drugged. My head feels light."

"It'll be heavier with a few bumps on it," said Dennis. "Ye've been shanghaied 'long with three or four more of us. Gwan aft an' git bumped; we've had our share."

"What craft is this?"

"Ship 'Indiana' o' New York. Ye'll know her better 'fore ye see the next pint o' beer."

"'Indiana'?" repeated the wreck. "And do you happen to know, any of you, who owns her?"

"Western Packet Line," said Jim; "J. L. Greenheart's the owner. Get out o' here; the mate wants to see you."

"Thank you; but I don't particularly care to see the mate. The captain will answer very well for me. Allow me to introduce myself—J. L. Greenheart, owner of this ship and employer of every man on board."

Stricken as were those men with sore spots and aching bones, they burst into uproarious laughter at this flippant declaration, during which the ragged one moved toward the door and passed out.

"Lord help him," said Jim, "if he goes aft with that bluff! The mates are horses, but the skipper's a whole team."

Ten minutes later the ragged one returned—feet first and unconscious—in the arms of two of the watch on deck, who bundled him into the bunk he had lately quitted and said to the inquiring men:

"We don't know what happened. They had a lively muss on the poop, an' the skipper an' mates must ha' jumped on him; then they called us aft to get him."

The two passed out, and the seven men, with no time for sympathy or nursing, chose, with much bickering, the bunks they were to occupy, for the passage at least, patched up their hurts with what appliances they possessed, and turned in. But they had no sooner stretched out than the rasping voice of the second mate was heard at the door.

"Heye, in there," he called. "Who's that dock rat ye've got with you?"

"Don't know, Mr. Barker," answered Jim from his bunk. "He didn't sign when we did—shanghaied in place of a good man, likely—but says he's the owner."

"Did he know the owner's name without being told?"

"No, sir—nor the name of the ship; we told him."

"Where is he?"

"In the forrard lower bunk, sir—this side."

The second officer stepped in—the still-burning slush-bucket showing him to be a red-whiskered, red-eyed giant—and scanned closely the grimy features of this latest pupil in nautical etiquette. As though there was hypnotic power in the red eyes, the injured man opened his own and returned the stare, at the same time feeling with his fingers a discolored swelling on his forehead that bore plainly the stamp of a boot-heel.

"An all-round hobo; get him out at eight bells, if he can move," said the officer as he left the forecastle.

At four bells the helmsman was relieved, and reported to his mates in the watch on deck as follows:

"He marches up the poop steps an' tells the mate suthin' pretty sharp, an' then, 'fore the mate could stop him, he was down below routin' out the skipper. They had a run-in down there—I heard 'em plain—he was orderin' the skipper to put back to New York an' land him, an' the skipper got a black eye out of it. Then the second mate turns out, an' the first mate goes down, an' between 'em all three they boosts him up the co'panionway an' kicks him round the poop till he can't wiggle."

And when the lookout came down and told of his appearing on the forecastle deck shortly after the second mate's visit and sitting for an hour on the port anchor, muttering to himself and answering no questions, the watch on deck unanimously agreed that he was demented. At eight bells he was in his bunk, and responded to the vigorous shaking he received by planting his feet in the stomach of Dennis, the shaker, and sending him gasping into the opposite bunk.

"Howly Mother," groaned the sailor, when he could breathe. "Say, you scrappin's o' Newgate, try yer heels on sam one ilse—the second mate, f'r inshtance. Me cuticle won't hold any more shpots."

Dennis had been disciplined the day before, mainly while prostrate.

"Kicking seems to be the vogue here," said the man as he rolled out, "and I've been a Princeton half-back, so I'm in it. I've been kicked out of the cabin and off the quarter-deck of my own ship—pounded into insensibility with boot-heels. Why is this?"

"Now look-a here," said a sturdy, thoughtful-eyed Englishman—he who had vociferated for oil when the watch went below—"take my advice: turn to an' be civil, an' do as yer told. You can't run the after-end of her—ye've tried it; you can't run the fo'castle—there's too many against you. Stow that guff 'bout ownin' this ship or ye'll be killed. There ain't a Dutchman aboard but what's a better man than you, and every one of us has been hammered an' kicked till we didn't know our names. 'Cause why? 'Cause it's the rule in yer blasted Yankee ships to break in the crew with handspikes. You've caught it harder, 'cause ye didn't know better than to go aft lookin' for trouble. The sooner ye find yer place an' larn yer work, the better for you."

"Thank you for the advice; I'll take it if I have to, but it's against my principles to work—especially under compulsion. My head aches, and I'm pretty hungry, otherwise I——"

"Turn out!" roared a voice at the door, the command being accompanied by choice epithet and profanity. "Bear a hand."

"Who is that?" asked the man of principles. "I've heard that voice."

"Second mate," whispered the other; "don't go first," he added, mercifully, "nor last."

The first man to leave the forecastle was Lars, the Swede, who received a blow in the face that sent him reeling against the fife-rail. Then came Dennis; then Tom, the Englishman; followed by Ned, a burly German; Fred, the ordinary seaman; and David, a loose-jointed Highlander, who the day before had lost all his front teeth by the swinging blow of a heaver and had since, for obvious reasons, added no Scotch dialect to the forecastle discourse. All these escaped that big fist, the second blow, according to packet-ship ethics, being reserved for the last man out; and the last man out now was the man of rags.

But Mr. Barker had not time to deliver that blow. A dirty fist preceded its owner through the door, striking the mate between the eyes, and before the whirling points of light had ceased to dazzle his inner vision a second blow, crashing under his ear, sent him, big man that he was, nearly as far as Lars had gone. Recovering himself, with a furious oath he seized a belaying-pin from the fife-rail and sprang at his assailant. One futile blow only he dealt, and the pin was wrenched from his grasp and dropped to the deck; then with an iron-hard elbow pressing his throat, and a sinewy left arm bearing, fulcrum-like, on his backbone, he was bent over, gasping, struggling, and vainly striking, lifted from his feet, and hurled headlong to the fore-hatch.

"You are one of the three with whom I dealt in the cabin," said a voice above him in the darkness; "now face me alone, curse you! Get up here and fight it out."

"Mr. Pratt," called the officer, rising unsteadily. "Mr. Pratt! Come forrard, sir."

It was a black night, with a promise of dirty weather to come in the sky astern, and the ship was charging along under topgallant-sails before a half-gale of wind, against which no sounds from near the bow could easily reach the quarter-deck. Only at rare intervals did the full moon show through the dense storm clouds racing overhead, and Mr. Barker was alone on a dark deck, surrounded by fifteen men not one of whom would have prayed for him. Dazed as he was, he knew his danger—knew that all these men needed was a leader, a master-spirit, to arouse them from the submissive apathy of the foremast hand to bloody retaliation. And a leader seemed to have appeared. Lars complained bitterly as he held his bleeding face. Angry mutterings came from the others; some drew sheath-knives, some abstracted belaying-pins from the rail; and a few, Tom among them, supplied themselves with capstan-bars from the rack at the break of the topgallant forecastle.

"Mr. Pratt," bawled the demoralized officer as he backed away from his challenger; then, as though suddenly remembering, he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the man confronting him. At that moment, a lithe, springy man bounded into the group from around the corner of the forward house. Flourishing an iron belaying-pin, he yelled: "What's the matter here? Lay aft, you hounds—lay aft! Aft with you all. Mr. Barker, you here?"

"Here you are, sir—this feller here."

A momentary appearance of the moon gave the newcomer light to see the leveled pistol and the man covered by it, who seemed to be hesitating and about to look around. One bound carried him close.

Down crashed the iron pin on the faltering man's head, and without a word or a groan he fell, limp and lifeless, to the edge of the hatch, and rolled to the deck. A menacing circle closed around the two officers.

"AM I THE CORPSE THAT'S WANTED?"

'Shame, shame!" cried the men. "He warn't in his right mind; he didn't know what he was doin'."

"It's bloody murder, that's what it is," shouted Tom in a fury of horror and rage. "Blast you, kill a man from behind who only wanted a fair fight!" He whirled his capstan-bar aloft, but held it poised, for he was looking into the barrel of the chief officer's pistol.

"Drop that handspike—drop it quick!" said Mr. Pratt. "Quick, or I'll shoot you dead."

Tom allowed the six-foot club to slip slowly through his fingers until it struck the deck; then he let it fall, saying sulkily: "Needs must when the devil drives; but it's only a matter of time, a matter of time. I'll have you hung."

"Put up your knives, every one of you. Put those belaying-pins back in their places, quick," snapped the officer. The two pistols wandered around the group, and the men fell back and obeyed him.

"Now lay aft, every man jack of you."

The incipient mutiny was quelled. They were driven aft before the pistols to the main hatch, where they surrendered their sheath-knives and received a clean-cut lecture on their moral defects from the first officer; then Tom was invited to insert his hands into a pair of shackles. He accepted the invitation (the pistols were still in evidence); and while he was being fastened to a stanchion in the half-deck the men at the wheel and lookout were relieved and the port watch dismissed.

Tom, with forecastle philosophy, congratulated himself on his present immunity from standing watch and stretched out for a nap, flat on his broad back, with arms elevated and hanging by the handcuffs above his head. He had nearly dozed off when the booby-hatch was opened and another prisoner was bundled

down the steps, moaning piteously; and, as he was being ironed to the next stanchion, Tom recognized, by the light of the mate's lantern, the ragged violator of precedent.

"Blow me, matey, but yer hard to kill," he said, when the mate had gone. "I thought you were done for. Know me? I'm the feller that advised ye to go slow."

"Oh, yes. What happened? Why are we here? What place is this?"

"'Tween-decks. We were unkind to the mates—blast 'em—that's why we're here. I'd ha' knocked the first mate stiffer than he knocked you 'f it hadn't been for his gun."

"Was it the first mate who struck me? Oh, there'll be an accounting—my head! Oh, my head!" groaned the man. "I believe I'm injured for life."

"Ye were too reckless, old man; ye oughter ha' watched for the mate. He's a holy terror; he half-killed all hands yesterday; that's why we couldn't stand by ye better. He jumped off the fo'castle on to Dennis, an' the two o' them kicked him all round the fore-hatch. David was knocked endwise with a heaver for goin' to windward o' the skipper, an' his teeth are all gone. Lars got soaked at the wheel—that's against the law, too; and ye see him get it again to-night. Dutch Ned let go the to'gallant sheet, an' the second mate sent him twenty feet. I got it in the nose just 'fore goin' below at eight bells, for no reason on earth but 'cause I was the only man left who hadn't got soaked—besides Fred, the boy; he got clear. An' the other watch got it just as bad. We're all used up an' no good at all; but you got it hardest, 'cause ye earned it. Blow me, but ye done the second mate up brown."

"But why is it necessary, and why do you submit to it—all you men at the mercy of three?"

"Pistols, matey, the pistols. An' Yankee mates are all trained buckoes—rather fight than eat. When the fists an' boots an' belayin'-pins an' handspikes can't do the business they pull their guns—we knew that. An' then, too, mutiny's a serious thing when yer hauled up 'fore the commissioner: all the law's mostly against the sailors."

"I have been drugged, kidnapped, and twice beaten insensible; there is law against that."

"If ye can get it; but ye can't."

"I'll try—I'll try; I've read a little law."

"Yer not a sailorman, matey, I can see; what's yer trade?"

"I have none."

"Never worked?"

"No."

"Jim says you fellers just hoof it round the country, sleepin' under haystacks summer-times an' goin' to jail winters. It's better than goin' to sea. But ye talk like a man that's been educated once. What brought ye down to this—whisky?"

"Y-e-s, and knockout drops. My head is getting worse. I can't talk. How can I lie down? What fiends they are! My head—my head!"

Tom advised the suffering wretch how to dispose himself, and again considered the question of sleep. But no sleep came to him that night. The injured man began muttering to himself; and this muttering, at times intelligible, at others not, often rising to a shriek of pain, lasted until morning and kept him awake. In spite of his life of hard knocks, Tom had so far learned nothing of the alternate delirium and lucidity consequent on slight brain concussion, and supposed this to be the raving of insanity. Kind-hearted as he was, the ceaseless jargon grated on his nerves. He listened to it and the sounds of shortening sail overhead, and wished himself on deck, in the wet and cold, away from this suffering, beyond his power to understand or relieve. At daylight, nearly at the shrieking point himself, he welcomed the throwing back of the scuttle and the appearance of the first mate, who, in yellow sou'-wester and long oilskin coat, descended the ladder and stepped to the side of his victim. Mr. Pratt was a young man, well put together, with black hair and whiskers, and dull gray eyes set in a putty-colored face. It was a face that might grin, but never could smile; yet it wore, as it bent over the moaning, tossing bundle of rags and blood, an expression of mental disquiet.

"How long's he been like this?" he suddenly demanded of Tom.

"Ever since he come down, sir. If you please, sir, I'd like to be put somewhere else or turn to. I wasn't myself last night, Mr. Pratt. I'll be crazy as he is, if I stay here with him."

In answer to this, Tom received two or three kicks in the ribs; then the officer went on deck, returning in a few moments with the captain of the ship—a man who in the rôle of jolly sea-dog might play a part well borne out by his physique. He was the very opposite in appearance to his

chief mate—short, broad, and smooth-faced, with an upturn to the corners of his mouth, and twinkling blue eyes, which, in spite of a dark circle around one of them, gave his countenance a deceptive look of suppressed merriment.

"So, ho, my man," he said, breezily, "so you nearly kill my second officer, do you?"

"Not this fellow, Captain Millen," said the mate; "not him, the other. This man raised a handspike over me and threatened to hang me."

"I was excited, Cappen," said Tom.

"HE WAS BENT OVER, GASPING, STRUGGLING, AND VAINLY STRIKING."

"I thought Mr. Pratt had killed the man, which he didn't."

"Will you promise to turn to and do your work, and obey orders civilly, if I let you out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Unlock him, Mr. Pratt."

Tom was released. Rising to his feet, he said, respectfully: "Will I go on deck, sir?"

"Go on," answered the captain.

But Tom was not to escape so easily. As he passed them, Captain Millen's sledge-like fist shot out, and he fell in a heap.

"ANOTHER PRISONER WAS BUNDLED DOWN THE STEPS, MOANING PITEOUSLY."

"On deck with you," thundered the captain, whose eyes had not ceased to twinkle during the performance. Tom rose again, sneaked up the ladder and passed forward, where he showed his shipmates an eye that in ten minutes was blacker than the captain's.

Captain Millen and Mr. Pratt stooped over and examined the remaining prisoner, now unconscious and breathing heavily, and the mate asked, uneasily: "Think I've done for him, sir?"

"Can't tell; he's all blood and the cut's hidden, and I wouldn't touch him with a fish-pole. I never shipped this hoodlum; the runners kept back a man and sent him."

"The Englishman says he's crazy—the men forrard, too; might be, or his yarn about owning the ship's just the bluff of a tramp."

"Possibly he's daft; but he didn't know the ship's name or the owner's name till the men told him, so Mr. Barker says; and when I told him in the cabin that the owner was a gray-headed man, it threw him out. Guess it's only a bluff. Have you logged him?"

"Yes, sir. Wrote him down just after I ironed him."

"I'll put him in the official log as a maniac; evidence enough even without the men's testimony—forces himself into my cabin and claims to own the ship, and orders me to run back to New York and land him; unprovoked assault on an officer, and display of maniacal strength. You see, Mr. Pratt, if he dies it'll look better for us, and particularly you, to have him crazy; extra severity is necessary and excusable in dealing with dangerous lunatics. But we don't want him to die—we're too short-handed."

"Shall I have the steward down to fix him up, sir?"

"Yes, and tell him to get what he wants from the medicine-chest; and better be more careful, Mr. Pratt; it don't pay to get the law after you. I know it was

dark and Mr. Barker was badly scared; but, just the same, a light whack will always answer. Never strike a man near the temple, especially with an iron belaying-pin or a handspike; and when you have him down, kick him on the legs or above the short ribs. It's altogether unnecessary to disable a man, and unwise with a short crew. Be more careful, Mr. Pratt."

"Yes, sir," said the pupil humbly; "but they had their knives out, and I had no time to pick spots; I just let go."

They left the half-deck, and the steward, busy with the cabin breakfast, was ordered to desist and attend to the wants of the prisoner, which repugnant duty he performed perfunctorily, yet with the result of bringing him to consciousness and inducing him to eat. This, his first meal since he had come aboard, was followed by a refreshing sleep, with his bandaged head pillowed on a coil of new rope; and when he wakened in the afternoon he was able, with his shackles removed to his ankles, to minister to his own hurts.

His condition improved steadily; but a week passed before his nerves and faculties were sufficiently under control to warrant him in, as he expressed it, "taking another fall out o' them." He sent a request for an interview to the captain, who granted it.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he roared, before he was half way down the ladder.

"Want to talk to you," answered the unconquered wreck, in nearly as loud a tone.

"Y' do, hey? Well, talk civil, and be quick about it."

"Exactly. I am anxious to impress upon your mind, as quickly as your mind will receive the impression, the fact that you have made a serious mistake—that you have maltreated and confined in irons, on board one of his own ships, John L. Greenheart, your employer. You have not met him before, because you have only dealt with James L. Greenheart, his uncle and manager."

"Oh, you've struck a new lay, have you—invented a nephew to carry out your bluff? Well, it don't go." But there was a look of intelligent earnestness in the weary eyes of the claimant that induced Captain Millen to continue in defense of his denial—a needless waste of words, had he stopped to think.

"I've sailed in this employ twenty-five years," he stormed; "and I know, if I know anything, that there are no vagabonds in the Greenheart family. Why, you infernal jail-bird, your dirty hide is as tanned as a shell-back's from tramping the highways."

"Just back from a yachting cruise in southern waters, Captain—I haven't yet learned your name."

"Rats! And when did you shave last? What kind of clothes do ship-owners wear?"

"I was slumming disguised as a tramp, when I was drugged and kidnapped. As for being unshaved, I was in the middle of a champagne spree—or I shouldn't have gone slumming at all—and scissored off my beard to heighten the disguise."

Captain Millen did not know what "slumming" meant, and did not care to ask, so he listened no further. The interview ended with a hearty round of profane abuse from him, and the aphorism, "Every dog has his day," from the other.

A few days later he sent a second request to the quarter-deck for a talk with the captain, but the favor was not granted. Fred, the messenger, who now brought his meals from the forecastle, repeated the errand on the following day, was kicked off the quarter-deck, and refused to go again; so it was another week before he was able to communicate. Then Mr. Barker, rummaging the half-deck in the line of duty, listened to a proposition that he be allowed to work with the crew on terms of abdication and submission. This brought the captain.

"My health is suffering from this confinement," he said. "I cannot eat the swill you feed to me without the appetite coming from exercise in the open air. I am willing to work as a common sailor; and, as you will not recognize the name I give you, I will answer to any."

"Will you shut up about that owner racket?"

"I will."

"And do as you're told, and try to learn your work, so that you can be worth your grub?"

"Yes."

"'Yes?' Say 'Yes, sir,' when you speak to me or the officers. Learn that first."

"Yes, sir."

"All right; and mind you, any monkey work'll get you into more trouble. You're on the articles as Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, Dutchman, able seaman, fourteen dollars a month, and a month's advance—remember that when you're paid off. And you're down in my official log

as a dangerous lunatic. If you raise any row aboard my ship, you'll be shot, and your character and record will excuse it. Understand?"

"I do. I accept the warning, the name, the nationality, and the conditions—even the lunacy. Only, Captain, as I am officially insane, I cannot be punished if I kill you all three—remember that." The weary eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, that's your game, is it? Want to get out to kill somebody? Down you go in my log as threatening my life and the lives of my officers, and here you stay in double-irons on bread and water."

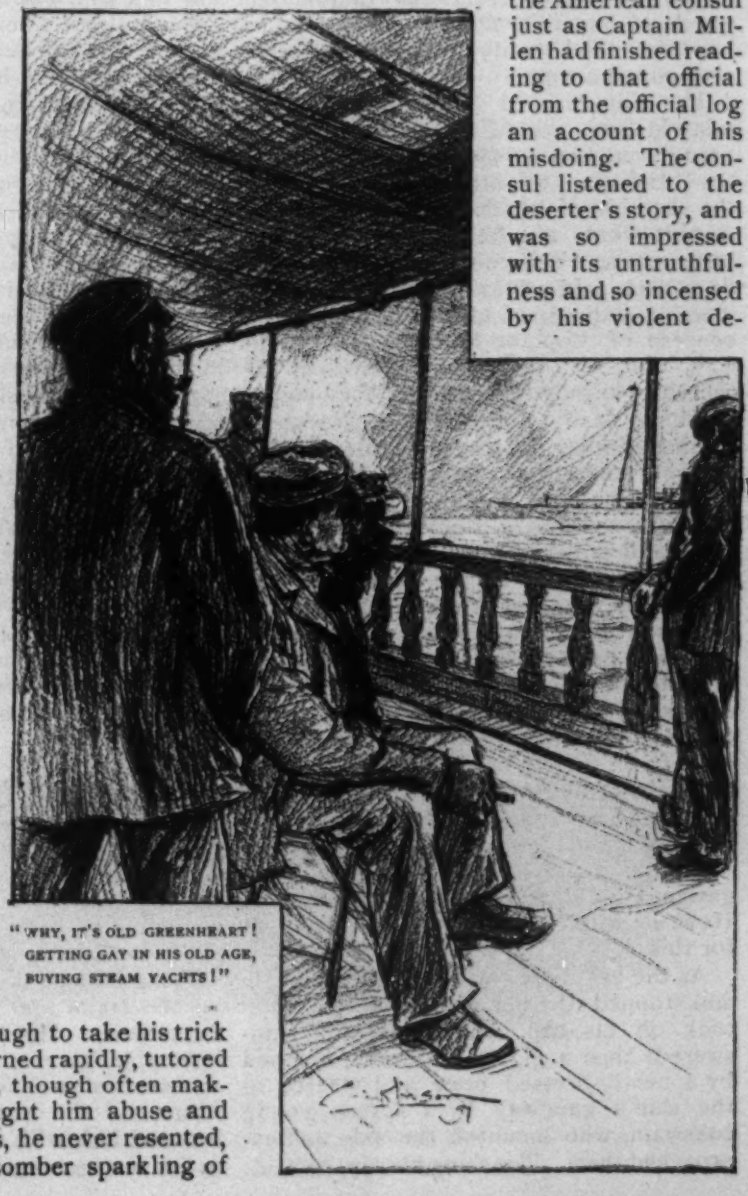
So he was logged again, and another pair of manacles fastened to his wrists, with a foot of chain connecting the center links to the stanchion. This gave him scope to lift from the deck to his mouth the one biscuit allowed him each day, and to drink from his tomato-can, which had been saved for him. But it was not the diet that broke him down. The water was good; and the biscuit, though not the soft, fluffy morsel eaten at tea-tables on shore, was the cleanest and sweetest food on the forecastle menu, and one a day was as much as he could masticate during his waking hours. It was the confinement and double-irons. After three weeks, pale and emaciated, he sent up another plea for liberty, in which he relinquished the privileges of the insane, and to Captain Millen, when he appeared, he promised a line of good behavior while on board which debarred him the right to return a blow. He made this promise on his honor, which he said was all they had left him. As the ship was short-handed, the captain accepted the promise and his services. Then, with his tomato-can in his hand, able-seaman Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, as we must now know him, went forward, a member of the starboard watch. At the end of the first day he had proved his incapacity and was disrated to ordinary seaman, at eleven dollars a month. This did not trouble him, until, having heard of the "slop-chest"—the store of clothing which captains lay in to sell to sailors at sea—he learned that he could not purchase until out of debt to the ship. His pay had stopped when he became a prisoner, and the time required to work off the fourteen dollars advance charged against him brought the ship, bound to Shanghai, well into the chilly weather to the south of Cape of Good Hope before he could draw from the slop-chest; and then he bought, not clothing, but salt-water soap, with which he washed his own

"HERE YOU STAY IN DOUBLE-IRONS ON BREAD AND WATER."

and the scant supply of rags contributed by his pitying shipmates, and took a chilly bath over the bows with a draw-bucket. He was certainly insane, and the men not only pitied him but feared him, forbearing all the petty persecutions which able seamen may inflict on a green hand in the watch below. He occasionally borrowed his friend Tom's scissors and looking-glass and kept his growing beard trimmed to a point—an outlandish, lubberly style, inspired, no doubt, by his lunacy. He manufactured, from the inner bristles of a condemned paint-brush, a fairly serviceable tooth-brush, with which, and a piece of bath-brick coaxed from the cook, he scoured his teeth—remarkably white and well-set—after each meal. Every morning, no matter what the weather, he took his douche-bath, using up valuable time in his watch below for the performance. When he had earned more money, he bought clothing, and paid his debts to his mates in kind—new shirts, etc., for old; and then only did he buy for himself. He refused to talk of his past, but frankly confessed to the others that he was crazy. All these idiosyncrasies counted against him, and drifting aft, through the medium of the cook and steward, were entered in the official log as additional evidence of his mental derangement.

He seemed to know something of sailors' work when he began—that is, he knew starboard from port, and the names of the sails, but not the ropes; and he could steer well enough to take his trick in fine weather. He learned rapidly, tutored by Tom and Jim; and, though often making mistakes that brought him abuse and sometimes knockdowns, he never resented, only showing, by the somber sparkling of his weary eyes, that he appreciated and remembered. The big second mate, however, though prolific in profanely worded expressions of disapproval, avoided personal contact with him, candidly admitting to Mr. Pratt that once was enough for one lifetime and that he took no stock in the promises of crazy men.

At Shanghai, Hans Johanne Von Dagerman applied for liberty to go ashore, which was denied him; for he had drawn his wages up to date in slop-clothing, and with nothing to hold him to the ship, he might desert. As a consequence, he slipped overboard in the night, swam ashore, hid until morning, and entered the office of the American consul just as Captain Millen had finished reading to that official from the official log an account of his misdoing. The consul listened to the deserter's story, and was so impressed with its untruthfulness and so incensed by his violent de-



"WHY, IT'S OLD GREENHEART! GETTING GAY IN HIS OLD AGE, BUYING STEAM YACHTS!"

mands that he depose Captain Millen from command, that he ordered him back to the ship in irons. He remained in the half-deck until the ship sailed for New York, and was then glad to be released on a second promise of good conduct.

On the homeward passage he kept his place and his promise, becoming, under the influence of his watch-mates, who began to like him, a fairly proficient sailorman—quick and intelligent in judgment, active and strong in the execution of orders. The ozone of the sea, with his hygienic personal habits, religiously clung to, had cleared the bloodshot eye, smoothed the premature lines in his sunburned face, and transformed him from the dilapidated wreck of humanity first introduced, to as handsome and manly-looking a sailor as ever pulled a rope.

The ship reached New York, and Captain Millen, according to instructions brought to him at Quarantine, anchored the "Indiana" off Staten Island pending the vacating of her dock by another ship. As this would not be for a fortnight, the men were sent ashore on a tug, and three days later paid off at the shipping-office. Then they disappeared from the ken and concern of Captain Millen and his officers, who, with the steward, remained by the ship, killing time as best they could. Smoking lazily under the quarter-deck awning one day, they became interested in a large steam yacht approaching on the starboard quarter. A dainty piece of cabinet-work she was, glistening with varnish paint and polished brass, with the American yacht ensign at the stern and the burgee of the New York Yacht Club at the fore-truck, yet showing, by her square stern and gaffs peaked from the deck, her probable English origin. Blue-shirted sailors dotted her white deck, two uniformed officers conned her from the bridge; and aft, on the fan-tail, seated in a wicker-work deck-chair, was a white-haired old gentleman. Captain Millen, viewing her through his glasses, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it's old Greenheart! Getting gay in his old age, buying steam yachts. Hope he won't dock my pay to make up for this."

As the beautiful craft drew up alongside and stopped, the old gentleman arose and took off his cap, which salute they answered; then a gig was lowered, manned by a neatly-dressed crew, and steered to the ship's gangway by a spruce young coxswain, who mounted the side and approached them. Touching his cap, he said:

"Mr. Greenheart would like to see Captain Millen, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Barker on board the yacht."

"Well, well—certainly—yes, of course," said the captain. "Pratt, get a collar on; you, too, Barker. 'Tisn't every day we get into good society. Hurry up. Ready in a minute, young fellow." The coxswain descended to the gig, and the two mates to their rooms, where they made such hurried toilet as the urgency would admit of. As they came up, the captain said, impressively:

"Don't let on, now, that you expect anything: the old man's finicky; but I think this means promotion for all of us. The new ship was launched last week, and I'm more than likely to get her. That'll leave a vacancy here, and I've spoken well of both of you. But don't let on."

They entered the gig and were pulled to the yacht, where, on climbing the gangway steps, they found the side manned for them. Two lines of men, marshaled by a keen-eyed second mate, who stared curiously at the visitors, stretched across the deck, forming a lane through which they must pass. And these two lines were composed of the port and starboard watches of the "Indiana," spick and span, in clean blue uniform, each man gazing stonily over the shoulder of his *vis-à-vis*, and only one giving any sign of recognition. David, who had not smiled during the voyage, now grinned cheerfully around a set of false teeth. Agape with astonishment, the three visitors passed on until they were met by the smiling old gentleman, who shook hands with them and said:

"A little out of the ordinary, Captain—no, not my yacht—my nephew's. He has just returned from abroad, and thinks he was in the China seas about the time you were there. He wants to meet you and compare notes, and suggested a spin down the Bay. John," he called down the cabin stairs, "will you come up? Captain Millen is here. Allow me to introduce you. Gentlemen, my nephew, Mr. Greenheart. John, this is Captain Millen, our commodore——"

"Exactly."

Hans Johanne Von Dagerman had come up the stairs and seated himself in the deck-chair. His tar-stained hands were hidden in gloves; his symmetrical figure was clad in the New York Yacht Club uniform; and the weary eyes glittered in his bronzed face with an expression as deadly in its earnestness as the gesture which

brought two revolvers from his pockets and up to a line with the visitors' heads.

"Exactly," he repeated; "we've met before. Don't trouble yourself to introduce them, uncle—allow me. Allow me to make you acquainted with three as black-hearted, inhuman scoundrels as ever disgraced humanity."

"Why, John, John, what does this mean?" exclaimed the puzzled old gentleman, while Captain Millen, pale and embarrassed, stuttered: "I didn't know, sir; why didn't you tell me?" Mr. Pratt and Mr. Barker said nothing, but looked from the leveled pistols forward to the two lines of observant men, and noticed that the yacht was under way and heading to sea.

"Uncle, how long has Captain Millen commanded a ship for father?"

"Over twenty-five years, John; and he now stands first—as good, capable, and honest a captain as ever sailed a ship. I am astonished."

"Um—humph—I see. Yet I am afraid that if father knows now how his money was made,—how every dollar was wrung from the sweat, and the blood, and the suffering of slaves,—he is not resting easy in his grave. Uncle, you are getting old. In a week I shall expect a statement of the business of the line, with the names and whereabouts of the ships and the names of the captains. There is going to be one line of American sailing-ships conducted on humane principles. But before you relinquish control, examine the official log of the 'Indiana' for the last voyage, and you will learn that one Hans Johanne Von Dagerman is insane and not responsible for his actions. An official log is excellent testimony in court. Now, then, you three, off with your coats and throw them down the companionway—quickly, or I'll lift the tops of your heads."

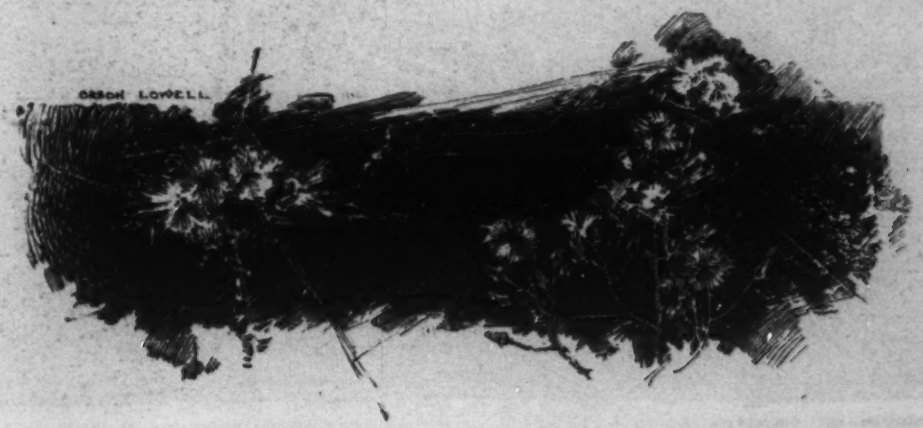
He was still seated in the deck-chair, but his voice rang out like the blare of a trumpet; and they obeyed him, while the old gentleman wrung his hands nervously.

"Turn your trousers pockets inside out," he commanded, and was obeyed again.

"Now, boys," he called, excitedly, "they haven't any pistols, and we've got them right where we want them. Tom—Jim—Ned—hurrah! here; come on! Lars—drive in; there's a railful of brass belaying-pins; there's a rack of handspikes; David, remember your teeth. Come on, Fred! Come on, the whole crowd of you! Let them know how it feels. Give it to them!"

An hour later, three men—scarred, bleeding, and groaning—stripped to remnants of underclothing, conscious of nothing but their terrible pain, were lowered into a boat and landed at the wharf of Bellevue Hospital, from which institution emanated, in a few days, certain official notifications to the police which resulted in certain official inquiries that were immediately hushed.

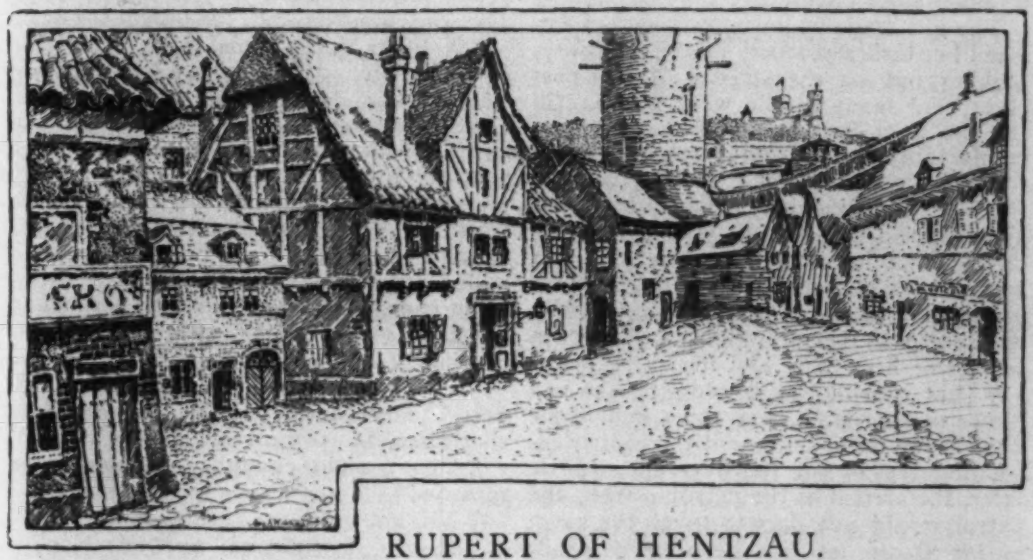
A few days later a shocked and agitated old gentleman betook himself to the mountains to be treated for nervous prostration; and in a few months a young club man—former good fellow, lately returned from abroad—had excited much gossip and puzzled comment among his friends, because of his serious demeanor, changed habits, and strict attention to business.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

"I heard her sobs." See page 556.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XIV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Rassendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Rischenheim (Rupert's accomplice), the queen, and Rassendyll are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. Rassendyll is generally supposed to be the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake.

CHAPTER XIII.

A KING UP HIS SLEEVE.

THE tall handsome girl was taking down the shutters from the shop front at No. 19 in the Königstrasse. She went about her work languidly enough, but there was a tinge of dusky red on her cheeks and her eyes were brightened by some suppressed excitement. Old Mother Holf, leaning against the counter, was grumbling angrily because Bauer did not come. Now it was not likely that Bauer would come just yet, for he was still in the infirmary attached to the police-cells, where a couple of doctors were very busy setting him on his legs again. The old woman knew nothing of this, but only that he had gone the night before to reconnoitre; where he was to play the spy she did not know, on whom perhaps she guessed.

"You're sure he never came back?" she asked her daughter.

"He never came back that I saw," answered the girl. "And I was on the watch with my lamp here in the shop till it grew light."

"He's twelve hours gone now, and never a message! Aye, and Count Rupert should

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be here soon, and he'll be in a fine taking if Bauer's not back."

The girl made no answer; she had finished her task and stood in the doorway, looking out on the street. It was past eight, and many people were about, still for the most part humble folk; the more comfortably placed would not be moving for an hour or two yet. In the road the traffic consisted chiefly of country carts and wagons, bringing in produce for the day's victualling of the great city. The girl watched the stream, but her thoughts were occupied with the stately gentleman who had come to her by night and asked a service of her. She had heard the revolver shot outside; as it sounded she had blown out her lamp, and there behind the door in the dark had heard the swiftly retreating feet of the fugitives and, a little later, the arrival of the patrol. Well, the patrol would not dare to touch the king; as for Bauer, let him be alive or dead: what cared she, who was the king's servant, able to help the king against his enemies? If Bauer were the king's enemy, right glad would she be to hear that the rogue was dead. How finely the king had caught him by the neck and thrown him out! She laughed to think how little her mother knew the company she had kept that night.

The row of country carts moved slowly by. One or two stopped before the shop, and the carters offered vegetables for sale. The old woman would have nothing to say to them, but waved them on irritably. Three had thus stopped and again proceeded, and an impatient grumble broke from the old lady as a fourth, a covered wagon, drew up before the door.

"We don't want anything: go on, go on with you!" she cried shrilly.

The carter got down from his seat without heeding her, and walked round to the back.

"Here you are, sir," he cried. "Nineteen, Königstrasse."

A yawn was heard, and the long sigh a man gives as he stretches himself in the mingled luxury and pain of an awakening after sound refreshing sleep.

"All right; I'll get down," came in answer from inside.

"Ah, it's the count!" said the old lady to her daughter in satisfied tones. "What will he say, though, about that rogue Bauer?"

Rupert of Hentzau put his head out from under the wagon-tilt, looked up and down the street, gave the carter a couple of crowns, leapt down, and ran lightly across the pavement into the little shop. The wagon moved on.

"A lucky thing I met him," said Rupert cheerily. "The wagon hid me very well; and handsome as my face is, I can't let Strelsau enjoy too much of it just now. Well, mother, what cheer? And you, my pretty, how goes it with you?" He carelessly brushed the girl's cheek with the glove that he had drawn off. "Faith, though, I beg your pardon," he added a moment later: "the glove's not clean enough for that," and he looked at his buff glove, which was stained with patches of dull rusty brown.

"It's all as when you left, Count Rupert," said Mother Holf, "except that that rascal Bauer went out last night——"

"That's right enough. But hasn't he returned?"

"No, not yet."

"Hum. No signs of—anybody else?" His look defined the vague question.

The old woman shook her head. The girl turned away to hide a smile. "Anybody else" meant the king, so she suspected. Well, they should hear nothing from her. The king himself had charged her to be silent.

"But Rischenheim has come, I suppose?" pursued Rupert.

"Oh, yes; he came, my lord, soon after you went. He wears his arm in a sling."

"Ah!" cried Rupert in sudden excitement. "As I guessed! The devil! If only I could do everything myself, and not have to trust to fools and bunglers! Where's the count?"

"Why, in the attic. You know the way."

"True. But I want some breakfast, mother."

"Rosa shall serve you at once, my lord."

The girl followed Rupert up the narrow, crazy staircase of the tall old house. They passed three floors, all uninhabited; a last steep flight brought them right under the deep arched roof. Rupert opened a door that stood at the top of the stairs, and, followed still by Rosa with her mysterious happy smile, entered a long, narrow room. The ceiling, high in the center, sloped rapidly down on either side, so that at door and window it was little more than six feet above the floor. There were an oak table and a few chairs; a couple of iron bedsteads stood by the wall near the window. One was empty; the Count

of Luzau-Rischenheim lay on the other, fully dressed, his right arm supported in a sling of black silk. Rupert paused on the threshold, smiling at his cousin; the girl passed on to a high press or cupboard, and, opening it, took out plates, glasses, and the other furniture of the table. Rischenheim sprang up and ran across the room.

"What news?" he cried eagerly. "You escaped them, Rupert?"

"It appears so," said Rupert airily; and, advancing into the room, he threw himself into a chair, tossing his hat on to the table. "It appears that I escaped, although some fool's stupidity nearly made an end of me."

Rischenheim flushed.

"I'll tell you about that directly," he said, glancing at the girl who had put some cold meat and a bottle of wine on the table, and was now completing the preparations for Rupert's meal in a very leisurely fashion.

"Had I nothing to do but look at pretty faces—which, by heaven, I wish heartily were the case—I would beg you to stay," said Rupert, rising and making her a profound bow.

"I've no wish to hear what doesn't concern me," she retorted scornfully.

"What a rare and blessed disposition!" said he, holding the door for her and bowing again.

"I know what I know," she cried to him triumphantly from the landing. "Maybe you'd give something to know it too, Count Rupert!"

"It's very likely, for, by heaven, girls know wonderful things!" smiled Rupert; but he shut the door and came quickly back to the table, now frowning again. "Come, tell me, how did they make a fool of you, or why did you make a fool of me, cousin?"

While Rischenheim related how he had been trapped and tricked at the Castle of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzau made a very good breakfast. He offered no interruption and no comments, but when Rudolf Rassendyll came into the story he looked up for an instant with a quick jerk of his head and a sudden light in his eyes. The end of Rischenheim's narrative found him tolerant and smiling again.

"Ah, well, the snare was cleverly set," he said. "I don't wonder you fell into it."

"And now you? What happened to you?" asked Rischenheim eagerly.

"I? Why, having your message which was not your message, I obeyed your directions which were not your directions."

"You went to the lodge?"

"Certainly."

"And found Sapt there?—Anybody else?"

"Why, not Sapt at all."

"Not Sapt? But surely they laid a trap for you?"

"Very possibly, but the jaws didn't bite." Rupert crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"But what did you find?"

"I? I found the king's forester, and the king's boar-hound, and—well, I found the king himself, too."

"The king at the lodge?"

"You weren't so wrong as you thought, were you?"

"But surely Sapt, or Bernenstein, or some one was with him?"

"As I tell you, his forester and his boar-hound. No other man or beast, on my honor."

"Then you gave him the letter?" cried Rischenheim, trembling with excitement.

"Alas, no, my dear cousin. I threw the box at him, but I don't think he had time to open it. We didn't get to that stage of the conversation at which I had intended to produce the letter."

"But why not—why not?"

Rupert rose to his feet, and, coming just opposite to where Rischenheim sat, balanced himself on his heels, and looked down at his cousin, blowing the ash from his cigarette and smiling pleasantly.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that my coat's torn?"

"I see it is."

"Yes. The boar-hound tried to bite me, cousin. And the forester would have stabbed me. And—well, the king wanted to shoot me."

"Yes, yes! For God's sake, what happened?"

"Well, they none of them did what they wanted. That's what happened, dear cousin."

Rischenheim was staring at him now with wide-opened eyes. Rupert smiled down on him composedly.

"Because, you see," he added, "heaven helped me. So that, my dear cousin, the dog will bite no more, and the forester will stab no more. Surely the country is well rid of them?"

A silence followed. Then Rischenheim, leaning forward, said in a low whisper, as though afraid to hear his own question:

"And the king?"

"The king? Well, the king will shoot no more."

For a moment Rischenheim, still leaning forward, gazed at his cousin. Then he sank slowly back into his chair.

"My God!" he murmured: "my God!"

"The king was a fool," said Rupert. "Come, I'll tell you a little more about it." He drew a chair up and seated himself in it.

While he talked Rischenheim seemed hardly to listen. The story gained in effect from the contrast of Rupert's airy telling; his companion's pale face and twitching hands tickled his fancy to more shameless jesting. But when he had finished, he gave a pull to his small, smartly-curled mustache and said with a sudden gravity:

"After all, though, it's a serious matter."

Rischenheim was appalled at the issue. His cousin's influence had been strong enough to lead him into the affair of the letter; he was aghast to think how Rupert's reckless dare-deviltry had led on from stage to stage till the death of a king seemed but an incident in his schemes. He sprang suddenly to his feet, crying:

"But we must fly—we must fly!"

"No, we needn't fly. Perhaps we'd better go, but we needn't fly."

"But when it becomes known——?" He broke off and then cried: "Why did you tell me? Why did you come back here?"

"Well, I told you because it was interesting, and I came back here because I had no money to go elsewhere."

"I would have sent money."

"I find that I get more when I ask in person. Besides, is everything finished?"

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Ah, my dear cousin, you despond too soon. The good king is unhappily gone from us, but we still have our dear queen. We have also, by the kindness of heaven, our dear queen's letter."

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Your neck feeling . . . ?" Rupert delicately imitated the putting of a noose about a man's throat.

Rischenheim rose suddenly and flung the window open wide.

"I'm suffocated," he muttered with a sullen frown, avoiding Rupert's eyes.

"Where's Rudolf Rassendyll?" asked Rupert. "Have you heard of him?"

"No, I don't know where he is."

"We must find that out, I think."

Rischenheim turned abruptly on him.

"I had no hand in this thing," he said, "and I'll have no more to do with it. I was not there. What did I know of the king being there? I'm not guilty of it: on my soul, I knew nothing of it."

"That's all very true," nodded Rupert.

"Rupert," cried he, "let me go, let me alone. If you want money, I'll give it you. For God's sake take it, and get out of Strelsau!"

"I'm ashamed to beg, my dear cousin, but in fact I want a little money until I can contrive to realize my valuable property. Is it safe, I wonder? Ah, yes, here it is."

He drew from his inner pocket the queen's letter. "Now if the king hadn't been a fool!" he murmured regretfully, as he regarded it.

Then he walked across to the window and looked out; he could not himself be seen from the street, and nobody was visible at the windows opposite. Men and women passed to and fro on their daily labors or pleasures; there was no unusual stir in the city. Looking over the roofs, Rupert could see the royal standard floating in the wind over the palace and the barracks. He took out his watch; Rischenheim imitated his action: it was ten minutes to ten.

"Rischenheim," he called, "come here a moment. Here—look out."

Rischenheim obeyed, and Rupert let him look for a minute or two before speaking again.

"Do you see anything remarkable?" he asked then.

"No, nothing," answered Rischenheim, still curt and sullen in his fright.

"Well, no more do I. And that's very odd. For don't you think that Sapt or some other of her majesty's friends must have gone to the lodge last night?"

"They meant to, I swear," said Rischenheim with sudden attention.

"Then they would have found the king. There's a telegraph wire at Hofbau, only a few miles away. And it's ten o'clock. My cousin, why isn't Strelsau mourning for our lamented king? Why aren't the flags at half-mast? I don't understand it."

"No," murmured Rischenheim, his eyes now fixed on his cousin's face.

Rupert broke into a smile and tapped his teeth with his fingers.

"I wonder," said he meditatively, "if that old player Sapt has got a king up his sleeve again! If that were so——" He stopped and seemed to fall into deep thought. Rischenheim did not interrupt him, but stood looking now at him, now out of the window. Still there was no stir in the streets, and still the standards floated at the summit of the flagstaffs. The king's death was not yet known in Strelsau.

"Where's Bauer?" asked Rupert suddenly. "Where the plague can Bauer be? He was my eyes. Here we are, cooped up, and I don't know what's going on."

"I don't know where he is. Something must have happened to him."

"Of course, my wise cousin. But what?"

Rupert began to pace up and down the room, smoking another cigarette at a great pace. Rischenheim sat down by the table, resting his head on his hand. He was wearied out by strain and excitement, his wounded arm pained him greatly, and he was full of horror and remorse at the event which had happened unknown to him the night before.

"I wish I was quit of it," he moaned at last.

Rupert stopped before him.

"You repent of your misdeeds?" he asked. "Well, then, you shall be allowed to repent. Nay, you shall go and tell the king that you repent. Rischenheim, I must know what they are doing. You must go and ask an audience of the king."

"But the king is——"

"We shall know that better when you've asked for your audience. See here."

Rupert sat down by his cousin and instructed him in his task. This was no other than to discover whether there were a king in Strelsau, or whether the only king lay dead in the hunting-lodge. If there were no attempt being made to conceal the king's death, Rupert's plan was to seek safety in flight. He did not abandon his designs: from the secure vantage of foreign soil he would hold the queen's letter over her head, and by the threat of publishing it insure at once immunity for himself and almost any further terms which he chose to exact from her. If, on the other hand, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim found a king in Strelsau, if the royal standards continued to wave at the summit of their flagstaffs, and Strelsau knew nothing of the dead man in the lodge, then Rupert had laid his hand on another secret; for he knew who the king in Strelsau must be. Starting from this point, his audacious mind darted forward to new and bolder schemes. He could offer again to Rudolf Rassendyll what he had offered once before, three years ago—a partnership in crime and the profits of crime—or if this advance were refused, then he declared that he would himself descend openly into the streets of Strelsau and proclaim the death of the king from the steps of the cathedral.

"Who can tell," he cried, springing up, enraptured and merry with the inspiration of his plan, "who can tell whether Sapt or I came first to the lodge? Who found the king alive, Sapt or I? Who left him dead, Sapt or I? Who had most interest in killing him—I, who only sought to make him aware of what touched his honor, or Sapt, who was and is hand and glove with the man that now robs him of his name and usurps his place while his body is still warm? Ah, they haven't done with Rupert of Hentzau yet!"

He stopped, looking down on his companion. Rischenheim's fingers still twitched nervously and his cheeks were pale. But now his face was alight with interest and eagerness. Again the fascination of Rupert's audacity and the infection of his courage caught on his kinsman's weaker nature, and inspired him to a temporary emulation of the will that dominated him.

"You see," pursued Rupert, "it's not likely that they'll do you any harm."

"I'll risk anything."

"Most gallant gentleman! At the worst they'll only keep you a prisoner. Well, if you're not back in a couple of hours, I shall draw my conclusions. I shall know that there's a king in Strelsau."

"But where shall I look for the king?"

"Why, first in the palace, and secondly at Fritz von Tarlenheim's. I expect you'll find him at Fritz's, though."

"Shall I go there first, then?"

"No. That would be seeming to know too much."

"You'll wait here?"

"Certainly, cousin—unless I see cause to move, you know."

"And I shall find you on my return?"

"Me, or directions from me. By the way, bring money too. There's never any harm in having a full pocket. I wonder what the devil does without a breeches-pocket!"

Rischenheim let that curious speculation

alone, although he remembered the whimsical air with which Rupert delivered it. He was now on fire to be gone, his ill-balanced brain leaping from the depths of despondency to the certainty of brilliant success, and not heeding the gulf of danger that it surpassed in buoyant fancy.

"We shall have them in a corner, Rupert," he cried.

"Ay, perhaps. But wild beasts in a corner bite hard."

"I wish my arm were well!"

"You'll be safer with it wounded," said Rupert with a smile.

"By God, Rupert, I can defend myself."

"True, true; but it's your brain I want now, cousin."

"You shall see that I have something in me."

"If it please God, dear cousin."

With every mocking encouragement and every careless taunt Rischenheim's resolve to prove himself a man grew stronger. He snatched up a revolver that lay on the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket.

"Don't fire, if you can help it," advised Rupert.

Rischenheim's answer was to make for the door at a great speed. Rupert watched him go, and then returned to the window. The last his cousin saw was his figure standing straight and lithe against the light, while he looked out on the city. Still there was no stir in the streets, still the royal standard floated at the top of the flagstaffs.

Rischenheim plunged down the stairs: his feet were too slow for his eagerness. At the bottom he found the girl Rosa sweeping the passage with great apparent diligence.

"You're going out, my lord?" she asked.

"Why, yes; I have business. Pray stand on one side, this passage is so cursedly narrow."

Rosa showed no haste in moving.

"And the Count Rupert, is he going out also?" she asked.

"You see he's not with me. He'll wait——" Rischenheim broke off and asked angrily: "What business is it of yours, girl? Get out of the way!"

She moved aside now, making him no answer. He rushed past; she looked after him with a smile of triumph. Then she fell again to her sweeping. The king had bidden her be ready at ten. It was half-past ten. Soon the king would have need of her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEWS COMES TO STRELSAU.

On leaving No. 19, Rischenheim walked swiftly some little way up the Königstrasse and then hailed a cab. He had hardly raised his hand when he heard his name called, and, looking round, saw Anton von Strofzin's smart phaeton pulling up beside him. Anton was driving, and on the other seat was a large nosegay of choice flowers.

"Where are you off to?" cried Anton, leaning forward with a gay smile.

"Well, where are you? To a lady's, I presume, from your bouquet there," answered Rischenheim as lightly as he could.

"The little bunch of flowers," simpered young Anton, "is a cousinly offering to Helga von Tarlenheim, and I'm going to present it. Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

Although Rischenheim had intended to go first to the palace, Anton's offer seemed to give him a good excuse for drawing the more likely covert first.

"I was going to the palace to find out where the king is. I want to see him, if he'll give me a minute or two," he remarked.

"I'll drive you there afterwards. Jump up. That your cab? Here you are, cabman," and, flinging the cabman a crown, he displaced the bouquet and made room for Rischenheim beside him.

Anton's horses, of which he was not a little proud, made short work of the distance to my home. The phaeton rattled up to the door and both the young men got out. The moment of their arrival found the chancellor just leaving to return to his own home. Helsing knew them both, and stopped to rally Anton on the matter of his bouquet. Anton was famous for his bouquets, which he distributed widely among the ladies of Strelsau.

"I hoped it was for my daughter," said the chancellor slyly. "For I love flowers, and my wife has ceased to provide me with them; moreover, I've ceased to provide her with them, so, but for my daughter, we should have none."

Anton answered his chaff, promising a bouquet for the young lady the next day, but declaring that he could not disappoint his cousin. He was interrupted by Rischenheim, who, looking round on the group of bystanders, now grown numerous, exclaimed: "What's going on here,

my dear chancellor? What are all these people hanging about here for? Ah, that's a royal carriage!"

"The queen's with the countess," answered Helsing. "The people are waiting to see her come out."

"She's always worth seeing," Anton pronounced, sticking his glass in his eye.

"And you've been to visit her?" pursued Rischenheim.

"Why, yes. I—I went to pay my respects, my dear Rischenheim."

"An early visit!"

"It was more or less on business."

"Ah, I have business also, and very important business. But it's with the king."

"I won't keep you a moment, Rischenheim," called Anton, as, bouquet in hand, he knocked at the door.

"With the king?" said Helsing. "Ah, yes, but the king——"

"I'm on my way to the palace to find out where he is. If I can't see him, I must write at once. My business is very urgent."

"Indeed, my dear count, indeed! Dear me! Urgent, you say?"

"But perhaps you can help me. Is he at Zenda?"

The chancellor was becoming very embarrassed; Anton had disappeared into the house; Rischenheim buttonholed him resolutely.

"At Zenda? Well, now, I don't—— Excuse me, but what's your business?"

"Excuse me, my dear chancellor; it's a secret."

"I have the king's confidence."

"Then you'll be indifferent to not enjoying mine," smiled Rischenheim.

"I perceive that your arm is hurt," observed the chancellor, seeking a diversion.

"Between ourselves, that has something to do with my business. Well, I must go to the palace. Or—stay—would her majesty condescend to help me? I think I'll risk a request. She can but refuse;" and so saying, Rischenheim approached the door.

"Oh, my friend, I wouldn't do that," cried Helsing, darting after him. "The queen is—well, very much engaged. She won't like to be troubled."

Rischenheim took no notice of him, but knocked loudly. The door was opened, and he told the butler to carry his name to the queen and beg a moment's speech with her. Helsing stood in perplexity on the step. The crowd was delighted with the coming of these great folk and showed no sign of dispersing. Anton von Strofzin did not reappear. Rischenheim edged himself inside the doorway and stood on the threshold of the hall. There he heard voices proceeding from the sitting-room on the left. He recognized the queen's, my wife's, and Anton's. Then came the butler's, saying, "I will inform the count of your majesty's wishes."

The door of the room opened; the butler appeared, and immediately behind him Anton von Strofzin and Bernenstein. Bernenstein had the young fellow by the arm, and hurried him through the hall. They passed the butler, who made way for them, and came to where Rischenheim stood.

"We meet again," said Rischenheim with a bow.

The chancellor rubbed his hands in nervous perturbation. The butler stepped up and delivered his message: the queen regretted her inability to receive the count. Rischenheim nodded, and, standing so that the door could not be shut, asked Bernenstein whether he knew where the king was.

Now Bernenstein was most anxious to get the pair of them away and the door shut, but he dared show no eagerness.

"Do you want another interview with the king already?" he asked with a smile. "The last was so pleasant, then?"

Rischenheim took no notice of the taunt, but observed sarcastically: "There's a strange difficulty in finding our good king. The chancellor here doesn't know where he is, or at least he won't answer my questions."

"Possibly the king has his reasons for not wishing to be disturbed," suggested Bernenstein.

"It's very possible," retorted Rischenheim significantly.

"Meanwhile, my dear count, I shall take it as a personal favor if you'll move out of the doorway."

"Do I incommode you by standing here?" answered the count.

"Infinitely, my lord," answered Bernenstein stiffly.

"Hallo, Bernenstein, what's the matter?" cried Anton, seeing that their tones and glances had grown angry. The crowd also had noticed the raised voices and hostile manner of the disputants, and began to gather round in a more compact group.

Suddenly a voice came from inside the hall: it was distinct and loud, yet not without a touch of huskiness. The sound of it hushed the rising quarrel and silenced

the crowd into expectant stillness. Bernenstein looked aghast, Rischenheim nervous yet triumphant, Anton amused and gratified.

"The king!" he cried, and burst into a laugh. "You've drawn him, Rischenheim!"

The crowd heard his boyish exclamation and raised a cheer. Helsing turned, as though to rebuke them. Had not the king himself desired secrecy? Yes, but he who spoke as the king chose any risk sooner than let Rischenheim go back and warn Rupert of his presence.

"Is that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?" called Rudolf from within. "If so, let him enter and then shut the door."

There was something in his tone that alarmed Rischenheim. He started back on the step. But Bernenstein caught him by the arm.

"Since you wished to come in, come in," he said with a grim smile.

Rischenheim looked round, as though he meditated flight. The next moment Bernenstein was thrust aside. For one short instant a tall figure appeared in the doorway; the crowd had but a glimpse, yet they cheered again. Rischenheim's hand was clasped in a firm grip; he passed unwillingly but helplessly through the door. Bernenstein followed; the door was shut. Anton faced round on Helsing, a scornful twist on his lips.

"There was a deuced lot of mystery about nothing," said he. "Why couldn't you say he was there?" And without waiting for an answer from the outraged and bewildered chancellor he swung down the steps and climbed into his phaeton.

The people round were chatting noisily, delighted to have caught a glimpse of the king, speculating what brought him and the queen to my house, and hoping that they would soon come out and get into the royal carriage that still stood waiting.

Had they been able to see inside the door, their emotion would have been stirred to a keener pitch. Rudolf himself caught Rischenheim by the arm, and without a moment's delay led him towards the back of the house. They went along a passage and reached a small room that looked out on the garden. Rudolf had known my house in old days, and did not forget its resources.

"Shut the door, Bernenstein," said Rudolf. Then he turned to Rischenheim. "My lord," he said, "I suppose you came to find out something. Do you know it now?"

Rischenheim plucked up courage to answer him.

"Yes, I know now that I have to deal with an impostor," said he defiantly.

"Precisely. And impostors can't afford to be exposed."

Rischenheim's cheek turned rather pale. Rudolf faced him, and Bernenstein guarded the door. He was absolutely at their mercy; and he knew their secret. Did they know his—the news that Rupert of Hentzau had brought?

"Listen," said Rudolf. "For a few hours to-day I am king in Strelsau. In those few hours I have an account to settle with your cousin: something that he has, I must have. I'm going now to seek him, and while I seek him you will stay here with Bernenstein. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. Whether I succeed or fail, by to-night I shall be far from Strelsau, and the king's place will be free for him again."

Rischenheim gave a slight start, and a look of triumph spread over his face. They did not know that the king was dead.

Rudolf came nearer to him, fixing his eyes steadily on his prisoner's face.

"I don't know," he continued, "why you are in this business, my lord. Your cousin's motives I know well. But I wonder that they seemed to you great enough to justify the ruin of an unhappy lady who is your queen. Be assured that I will die sooner than let that letter reach the king's hand."

Rischenheim made him no answer.

"Are you armed?" asked Rudolf.

Rischenheim sullenly flung his revolver on the table. Bernenstein came forward and took it.

"Keep him here, Bernenstein. When I return I'll tell you what more to do. If I don't return, Fritz will be here soon, and you and he must make your own plans."

"He shan't give me the slip a second time," said Bernenstein.

"We hold ourselves free," said Rudolf to Rischenheim, "to do what we please with you, my lord. But I have no wish to cause your death, unless it be necessary. You will be wise to wait till your cousin's fate is decided before you attempt any further steps against us." And with a slight bow he left the prisoner in Bernenstein's charge, and went back to the room where the queen awaited him. Helga was with her. The queen sprang up to meet him.

"I mustn't lose a moment," he said. "All that crowd of people know now that

the king is here. The news will filter through the town in no time. We must send word to Sapt to keep it from the king's ears at all costs: I must go and do my work, and then disappear."

The queen stood facing him. Her eyes seemed to devour his face; but she said only: "Yes, it must be so."

"You must return to the palace as soon as I am gone. I shall send out and ask the people to disperse, and then I must be off."

"To seek Rupert of Hentzau?"

"Yes."

She struggled for a moment with the contending feelings that filled her heart. Then she came to him and seized hold of his hand.

"Don't go," she said in low, trembling tones. "Don't go, Rudolf. He'll kill you. Never mind the letter. Don't go: I had rather a thousand times that the king had it than that you should . . . Oh, my dear, don't go!"

"I must go," he said softly.

Again she began to implore him, but he would not yield. Helga moved towards the door, but Rudolf stopped her.

"No," he said; "you must stay with her; you must go to the palace with her."

Even as he spoke they heard the wheels of a carriage driven quickly to the door. By now I had met Anton von Strofzin and heard from him that the king was at my house. As I dashed up, the news was confirmed by the comments and jokes of the crowd.

"Ah, he's in a hurry," they said. "He's kept the king waiting. He'll get a wigging."

As may be supposed, I paid little heed to them. I sprang out and ran up the steps to the door. I saw my wife's face at the window: she herself ran to the door and opened it for me.

"Good God," I whispered, "do all these people know he's here, and take him for the king?"

"Yes," she said. "We couldn't help it. He showed himself at the door."

It was worse than I dreamt: not two or three people, but all that crowd were victims of the mistake; all of them had heard that the king was in Strelsau—ay, and had seen him.

"Where is he? Where is he?" I asked, and followed her hastily to the room.

The queen and Rudolf were standing side by side. What I have told from Helga's description had just passed between them. Rudolf ran to meet me.

"Is all well?" he asked eagerly.

I forgot the queen's presence and paid no sign of respect to her. I caught Rudolf by the arm and cried to him: "Do they take you for the king?"

"Yes," he said. "Heavens, man, don't look so white! We shall manage it. I can be gone by to-night."

"Gone? How will that help, since they believe you to be the king?"

"You can keep it from the king," he urged. "I couldn't help it. I can settle with Rupert and disappear."

The three were standing round me, surprised at my great and terrible agitation. Looking back now, I wonder that I could speak to them at all.

Rudolf tried again to reassure me. He little knew the cause of what he saw.

"It won't take long to settle affairs with Rupert," said he. "And we must have the letter, or it will get to the king after all."

"The king will never see the letter," I blurted out, as I sank back in a chair.

They said nothing. I looked round on their faces. I had a strange feeling of helplessness, and seemed to be able to do nothing but throw the truth at them in blunt plainness. Let them make what they could of it, I could make nothing.

"The king will never see the letter," I repeated. "Rupert himself has insured that."

"What do you mean? You've not met Rupert? You've not got the letter?"

"No, no; but the king can never read it."

Then Rudolf seized me by the shoulder and fairly shook me; indeed I must have seemed like a man in a dream or a torpor.

"Why not, man; why not?" he asked in urgent low tones.

Again I looked at them, but somehow this time my eyes were attracted and held by the queen's face. I believe that she was the first to catch a hint of the tidings I brought. Her lips were parted, and her gaze eagerly strained upon me. I rubbed my hand across my forehead, and, looking up stupidly at her, I said:

"He never can see the letter. He's dead."

There was a little scream from Helga; Rudolf neither spoke nor moved; the queen continued to gaze at me in motionless wonder and horror.

"Rupert killed him," said I. "The boar-hound attacked Rupert; then Herbert and the king attacked him; and he killed them all. Yes, the king is dead. He's dead."

Now none spoke. The queen's eyes never left my face.

"Yes, he's dead!" said I; and I watched her eyes still. For a long while (or long it seemed) they were on my face; at last, as though drawn by some irresistible force, they turned away. I followed the new line they took. She looked at Rudolf Rassendyll, and he at her. Helga had taken out her handkerchief, and, utterly upset by the horror and shock, was lying back in a low chair, sobbing half-hysterically; I saw the swift look that passed from the queen to her lover, carrying in it grief, remorse, and most unwilling joy. He did not speak to her, but put out his hand and took hers. She drew it away almost sharply, and covered her face with both hands. Rudolf turned to me.

"When was it?"

"Last night."

"And the . . . He's at the lodge?"

"Yes, with Sapt and James."

I was recovering my senses and my coolness.

"Nobody knows yet," I said. "We were afraid you might be taken for him by somebody. But, my God, Rudolf, what's to be done now?"

Mr. Rassendyll's lips were set firm and tight. He frowned slightly, and his blue eyes wore a curious entranced expression. He seemed to me to be forgetful of everything, even of us who were with him, in some one idea that possessed him. The queen herself came nearer to him and lightly touched his arm with her hand. He started as though surprised, then fell again into his reverie.

"What's to be done, Rudolf?" I asked again.

"I'm going to kill Rupert of Hentzau," he said. "The rest we'll talk of afterwards."

He walked rapidly across the room and rang the bell.

"Clear those people away," he ordered. "Tell them that I want to be quiet. Then send a closed carriage round for me. Don't be more than ten minutes."

The servant received his peremptory orders with a low bow, and left us. The queen, who had been all this time outwardly calm and composed, now fell into a great agitation, which even the consciousness of our presence could not enable her to hide.

"Rudolf, must you go? Since—since this has happened——"

"Hush, my dearest lady," he whispered. Then he went on more loudly, "I won't quit Ruritania a second time leaving Rupert of Hentzau alive. Fritz, send word to Sapt that the king is in Strelsau—he will understand—and that instructions from the king will follow by midday. When I have killed Rupert, I shall visit the lodge on my way to the frontier."

He turned to go, but the queen, following, detained him for a minute.

"You'll come and see me before you go?" she pleaded.

"But I ought not," said he, his resolute eyes suddenly softening in a marvellous fashion.

"You will?"

"Yes, my queen."

Then I sprang up, for a sudden dread laid hold on me.

"Heavens, man," I cried, "what if he kills you—there in the Königstrasse?"

Rudolf turned to me; there was a look of surprise on his face.

"He won't kill me," he answered.

The queen, looking still in Rudolf's face, and forgetful now, as it seemed, of the dream that had so terrified her, took no notice of what I said, but urged again: "You'll come, Rudolf?"

"Yes, once, my queen," and with a last kiss of her hand he was gone.

The queen stood for yet another moment where she was, still and almost rigid. Then suddenly she walked or stumbled to where my wife sat, and, flinging herself on her knees, hid her face in Helga's lap; I heard her sobs break out fast and tumultuously. Helga looked up at me, the tears streaming down her cheeks. I turned and went out. Perhaps Helga could comfort her; I prayed that God in His pity might send her comfort, although she for her sin's sake dared not ask it of Him. Poor soul! I hope there may be nothing worse scored to my account.

(To be continued.)

THE NATION'S RAILROADS.

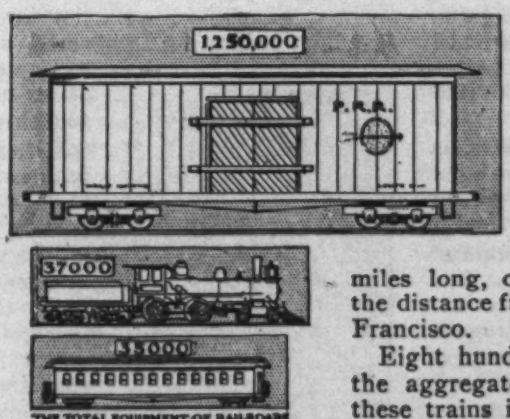
By George B. Waldron.

WHEN George Stephenson taught the world how to make a steam engine propel itself along parallel rails, he opened a new chapter in industrial development. But no doubt even his sanguine mind did not apprehend that some then living would see these shining bands of steel binding whole continents as one people, and almost the entire globe in one commerical union.

Seventy years ago there was not a mile of steam railroad in the United States, and even a half century ago there were but 6,000 miles. Twenty years later, at the close of the Rebellion, the mileage was only 40,000; but it jumped to 80,000 in 1878, and to 150,000 a decade later. To-day 440,000 miles of railroad interlace the earth's surface, of which 185,000 miles are in our own country. Add the second, third, and fourth tracks, the terminals and the sidings, and the aggregate in the United States reaches 245,000 miles, or enough to complete one gigantic span from the earth to the moon.

ENTIRE LENGTH OF TRACKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Were this roadway equally distributed over the nation's territory, there would not be a spot on the entire 3,000,000 square miles more than eight miles distant from some road. This mileage, however, is far from equally distributed. While for each hundred square miles of territory in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Illinois there is from twenty to thirty miles of railroad, the vast western empires of Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma have barely one mile for each hundred square miles of area. Those States lying north of the Ohio and the Potomac, and east of the Missouri, comprising more than half the nation's population, but less than a fourth of the territory, have fully half of the mileage.



THE TOTAL EQUIPMENT OF RAILROADS
FREIGHT CARS
LOCOMOTIVES
PASSENGER AND BAGGAGE CARS

The ownership of this choice treasure is distributed among about 800 independent companies, whose roads range in length from a few hundred feet to above 6,000 miles. A bare dozen of the companies control a quarter, and a score own a third, of the entire mileage.

For the equipment of the roads 37,000 locomotives are required, of which 10,000 are passenger, 21,000 freight engines, and the rest for yard and switching service. These draw 35,000 passenger and baggage cars and 1,250,000 freight cars. Were all the road engines in use at one time, there would be an average of one train on every six miles of road the country over. End to end with all the cars attached, they would make one solid train over 9,000 miles long, or nearly three times the distance from New York to San Francisco.

Eight hundred million miles is the aggregate distance made by these trains in the year, a figure beyond human conception. This mileage represents nine trips from the earth to the sun, and over three thousand to the moon. It means an average of 2,250,000 miles a day, nearly 102,000 each hour, and a train gird-

ing the earth at the equator every fifteen minutes.

But each of the passenger trains on the average carries forty passengers, making the aggregate distance traveled by individuals fourteen thousand million miles. This represents 4,000,000 trips from ocean to ocean, and nearly 600,000 journeys around the world; or one every minute of the day and night during the year. At the average rapidity of travel the total time spent on trains during a single year by the American people aggregates 80,000 years.

FOR THE SCORE OF RAILROAD-MEN SEEN BY THE TRAVELLER

AGGREGATE YEARLY DISTANCE MADE BY TRAINS MEANS A TRAIN GIRDING THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR EVERY 15 MINUTES.

Equally striking are the facts as to the movement of freight. Not less than 800,000,000 tons are transported an average of 125 miles, making a total, during the year, of one hundred thousand million ton miles. Load this freight into one solid train, and it would fill 40,000,000 cars, which would cover every mile of track in the country. Store the goods in dwelling houses, and those transported during one Presidential term would crowd from cellar to garret every dwelling in the United States.

To move this enormous freightage there is needed an army of some 850,000 employees. One in twenty-eight of the working population of the nation is employed in railroad service. Their earnings aggregate nearly a half billion dollars. With their families and those of workers in the allied industries furnishing needed supplies of all kinds, probably 5,000,000 people draw their support from the railroads.

ONE IN EVERY TWENTY EIGHT WORKING MEN IS EMPLOYED IN THE RAILROAD SERVICE.

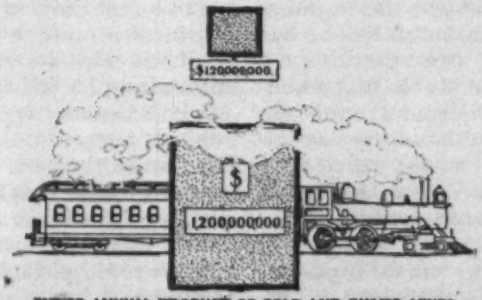
In making a trip of 1,000 miles across the country on main trunk lines, two or three station agents may sell a passenger tickets, half a dozen gatemen and porters aid him in getting aboard his trains. Four or five conductors and as many more trainmen may minister to his comforts on the journey. He may catch sight of the engineer and firemen, oil-stained and grimy, in their cab. But for the score of railroad men he sees on the way, there are 10,000 whom he may never see. To operate a thousand miles of road in the Eastern States requires over 900 engineers and firemen, 1,400 conductors and trainmen, 1,300 station men, 600 switchmen and flagmen, 1,900 trackmen, 2,200 in the repair shops, and 400 officials and clerks in the central offices. Of the hundreds of thousands employed on the railroads in this country, not one in four is actually in train service.

Consider the financial side of the nation's roads. In building and equipping the 185,000 miles, there have been issued five and a half billions of stock, and an equal amount of bonds. Add another billion for floating debt, and the total securities aggregate twelve thousand millions, or about one-sixth of the entire wealth of the nation. Distribute these securities equally among the people, and to each family would fall about $900. Turn this wealth into gold, and 20,000 teams would be needed to carry away the precious metal. But the entire gold stock of the world is not large enough to purchase more than a third of the roads of this one nation.

From the operations of these thoroughfares the gross annual revenues reach $1,200,000,000, about one-fourth of which comes from passenger traffic. This is more than ten times the entire annual product of the gold and

THERE ARE THOUSANDS HE NEVER SEES, MANY OF WHOM COOPERATE TO MAKE HIS JOURNEY SAFE AND COMFORTABLE.

silver mines of the country. Add the iron, copper, lead, and other minerals, and the sum is still but a fourth of the receipts of the railroads. Include the millions of tons of coal, the building stone, petroleum, gas, and every other product extracted from the earth, and the aggregate falls short by half. Now add the values to the farmers of all the wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, and tobacco produced by the entire nation, and the sum would still fail to equal the tolls collected by the railroads each year.



ENTIRE ANNUAL PRODUCT OF GOLD AND SILVER MINES COMPARED TO GROSS ANNUAL REVENUES OF RAILROADS.

Of this immense sum, seven hundred millions goes for wages, supplies, repairs, and other necessary running expenses, leaving a round half billion to be applied on capital. So enormous, however, is the investment, that, save in a few favored instances, the returns are exceedingly meagre. Some $350,000,000 is absorbed in interest on the bonds, yet nearly $1,000,000,000 of these securities receives no return for its use. Dividends on stock reach $90,000,000. But about $4,000,000,000 of the stock, or seventy dollars in every hundred, is passed by in the distribution. Little wonder, therefore, that during the last twenty years more than 500 companies have failed to meet their obligations and have gone into the hands of receivers. The combined length of these bankrupt roads is 100,000 miles, or more than half the present mileage. Their stocks and bonds aggregated five and a half billions, which is about one-half the entire issue of railroad securities. Of this no less than 29,000 miles, representing one and three quarters billions of values, went under during the single panic year of 1893. How much of this wealth has been lost in the wreckage or wiped out through the various schemes of reorganization is best known to the unfortunate holders. Certain it is that these losses in the aggregate must reach hundreds of millions.

IF THE TOTAL SECURITIES OF THE RAILROADS WERE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE PEOPLE EACH FAMILY WOULD GET ABOUT $900

An interesting feature of railroad travel is the element of personal safety. With myriads of opportunities for men to blunder and for steel to fail, the wonder is that accidents are so few. Each of the 2,000 passenger trains moving night and day has from forty to a hundred or more wheels, while the wheels on one of the 4,000 constantly moving freight trains may number 500. These wheels strike 300,000,000,000 rails during the twelve months. Yet scarcely fifty wheels and a hundred rails give way so far as to cause a recorded train accident in the course of the year. On the average a person would travel 4,500,000 miles before being injured, and 72,000,000 miles before being killed. Traveling night and day year after year the passenger would sustain his first injury at the end of twenty-five years, and meet his death by train accident at the end of four centuries.

Comparatively safe as is the traveler, no such assurance belongs to the man who holds his life in custody. The railroads of the country, on the average, kill four employees a day, and cripple and maim eighty-two. Of the men directly concerned with the moving trains, one in every ten is injured during the year, and one in each 150 meets his death.

THE SERVICE PERFORMED BY RAILROADS IN MOVING GOODS, IF DONE IN THE OLD WAY, WOULD COST TWICE THE ANNUAL WEALTH PRODUCTION OF THE NATION.

Next to the general officers the engineer receives the highest pay; but unless he has nerves of steel his life can scarcely be a happy one. Besides the scores of passengers whose safety may depend upon the quickness of his eye and hand, he has under his charge a train whose value may easily be $100,000—more than he could earn in a lifetime. A wrong reading of a signal, a mistake in an order, and two of these palatial trains may crash together, involving the company in an instant in perhaps $500,000 of damages. For besides the valuable rolling stock, there are the passengers, whose injuries have a commercial value in a court of law.

The service performed by these highways in moving goods is difficult to appreciate. The work done in a single year is equal to the transporting of one ton of freight 100,000,000,000 miles, or from ocean to ocean every second of the twenty-four hours. To accomplish this in the old way, by wagons, would require twice as many horses as are to-day in the entire country, and at a cost equal to twice the present annual wealth production of the nation. With the aid of the railroads one man's daily work on the average transports a ton of goods 500 miles. A man with two horses probably could not accomplish the same result in a month. On tracks as level and smooth as those provided by the leading trunk lines, one two-inch cube of coal weighing a pound will furnish power sufficient to move a ton of goods with its share of the train two miles along its journey.

A half century ago the canvas-top wagon was the pioneer of American civilization. But just in the nick of time came the railroads. These have built up the broad empire of the West until our nation stands first in wealth, first in industrial progress, and is rapidly taking the lead in the commerce of the world. Not yet have these thoroughfares approached the natural limit of their development. When the States of the South and West shall have become as well supplied as those of the northeast, the mileage will increase threefold, and the business swell to some seven or more times its present proportions. That time can come only when, developed by these same railroads, the nation will have a population numbered by the hundreds of millions, and when Denver and San Francisco rival in size the Chicago and New York of to-day.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VI.

MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

DURING the first winter I spent in Washington in the War Department, 1863–64, I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln, and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and of an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of his position. He never posed or put on airs or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

I knew, too, and saw frequently, all the members of his cabinet. When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President, his first act was to name his cabinet; and it was a common remark at the time that he had put into it every man who had competed with him for the nomination. The first in importance was William H. Seward, of New York, Mr. Lincoln's most prominent competitor. Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State. He was an interesting man, of an optimistic temperament, and he probably had the most cultivated and comprehensive intellect in the administration. He was a man who was all his life in controversies, yet he was singular in this, that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies. Seward had great ability as a writer, and he had what is very rare in a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman—imagination. A fine illustration of his genius was the acquisition of Alaska. That was one of the last things that he did before he went out of office, and it demonstrated more than anything else his fixed and never-changing idea that all North America should be united under one government.

Mr. Seward was an admirable writer and an impressive, though entirely unpretentious, speaker. He stood up and talked as though he were engaged in conversation, and the effect was always great. It gave the impression of a man deliberating "out loud" with himself.

The second man in importance and ability to be put into the cabinet was Mr. Chase of Ohio. He was an able, noble, spotless statesman, a man who would have been worthy of the best days of the old Roman republic. He had been a candidate for the Presidency, though a less conspicuous one than Seward. Mr. Chase was a portly man—tall, and of an impressive appearance, with a very handsome, large head. He was genial, though very decided, and he occasionally would criticize the President, a thing I never heard Mr. Seward do. Chase had been successful in Ohio politics, and in the Treasury Department his administration was satisfactory to the public. He was the author of the national banking law. I remember going to dine with him one day—I did that pretty often, as I had known him well when I was on the "Tribune"—and he said to me: "I have completed to-day a very great thing. I have finished the National Bank act. It will be a blessing to the country long after I am dead."

The Secretary of the Navy throughout the war was Gideon Welles, of Connecticut. Welles was a curious-looking man: he wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that

he was an old fogy originated. I remember Governor Andrew of Massachusetts coming into my office at the War Department one day and asking where he could find that "old Mormon deacon, the Secretary of the Navy." In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, continually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent at his task.

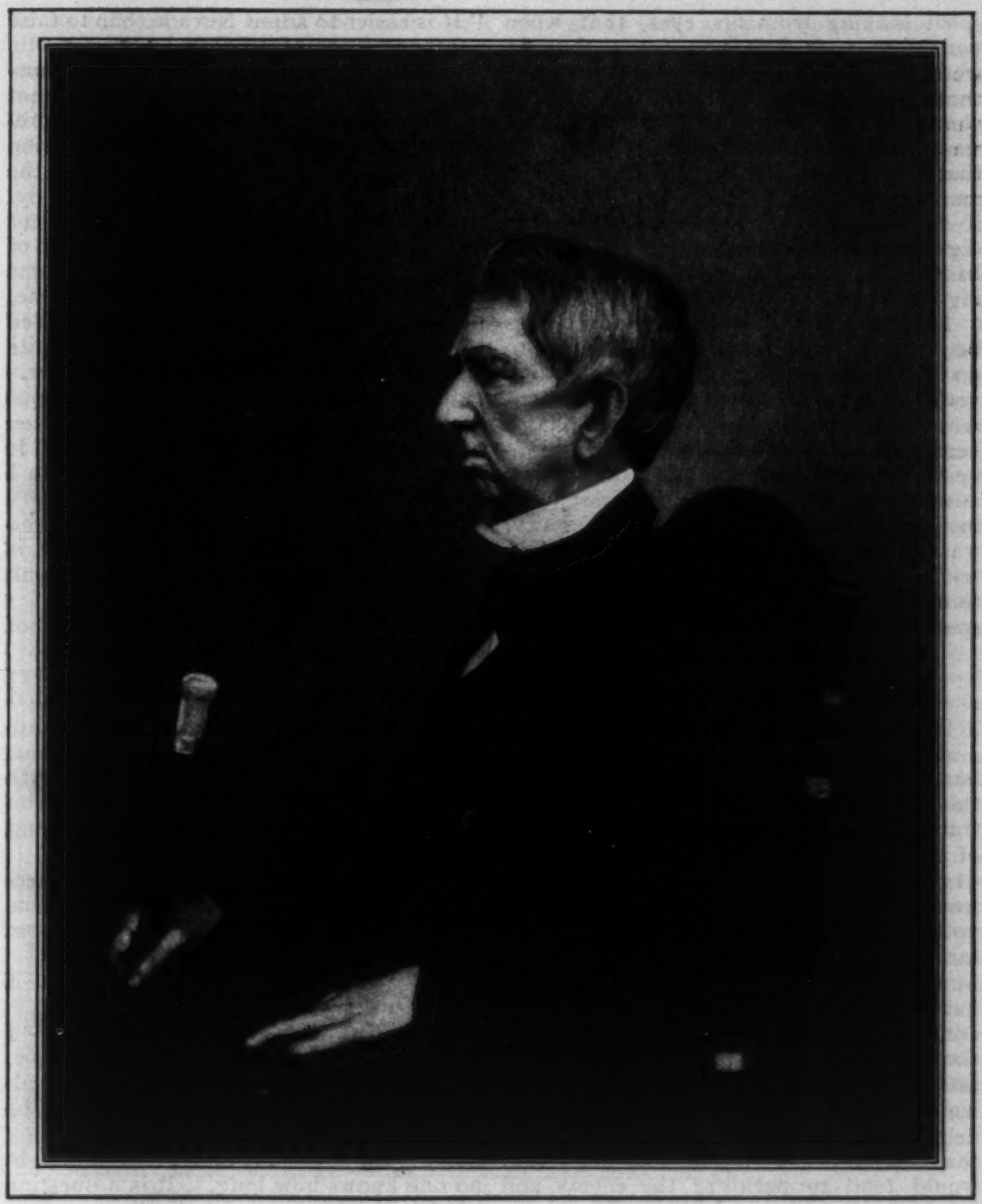
Montgomery Blair was Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. He was a capable man, sharp, keen, perhaps a little cranky, and not friendly with everybody; but I always found him pleasant to deal with, and I saw a great deal of him. He and Mr. Stanton were not very good friends, and when he wanted anything in the War Department he was more likely to come to an old friend like me than to go to the Secretary. Stanton, too, rather preferred that.

The first Attorney-General of the cabinet was Edward Bates of Missouri. Bates had been Mr. Greeley's favorite candidate for the Presidency. He was put into the cabinet partly, I suppose, because his reputation was good as a lawyer, but principally because he had been advocated for President by such powerful influences. Bates must have been about sixty-eight years old when he was appointed Attorney-General. He was a very eloquent speaker. Give him a patriotic subject, where his feelings could expand, and he would make a beautiful speech. He was a man of very gentle, cordial nature, but not one of extraordinary brilliancy.

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kindness; but, though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. At the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when any member of the cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the policy or conduct of the President. Not that they were always satisfied with his actions; the members of the cabinet, like human beings in general, were not pleased with everything. In their judgment much was imperfect in the administration; much, they felt, would have been done better if their views had been adopted and they individually had had charge of it. Not so with the President. He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt that it was his word that went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. I remember that the last time I went to see him at the White House—the afternoon before he was killed—I found him in a side room with coat off and sleeves rolled up, washing his hands. He had finished his work for the day, and was going away. I noticed then the thinness of his arms, and how well developed, strong, and active his muscles seemed to be. In fact, there was nothing flabby or feeble about Mr. Lincoln physically. He was a very quick man in his movements when he chose to be, and he had immense physical endurance. Night after night



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1801; DIED, 1872.

he would work late and hard without being wilted by it, and he always seemed as ready for the next day's work as though he had done nothing the day before.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality; nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A series of important portraits of Lincoln will be found in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for February, 1898. A portrait of Secretary Stanton appeared with the first of Mr. Dana's papers, in the number for November, 1897.

spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity: the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly.

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN.

Lincoln was a supreme politician. He understood politics because he understood human nature. I had an illustration of this in the spring of 1864. The administration had decided that the constitution of the United States should be amended so that slavery should be prohibited. This was not only a change in our national policy, it was also a most important military measure. It was intended, not merely as a means of abolishing slavery forever, but as a means of affecting the judgment and the feelings and the anticipations of those in rebellion. It was believed that such an amendment to the constitution would be equivalent to new armies in the field, that it would be worth 1,000,000 men, that it would be an intellectual army that would tend to paralyze the enemy and break the continuity of his ideas.

In order thus to amend the constitution, it was necessary first to have the proposed amendment approved by three-fourths of the States. When that question came to be considered, the issue was seen to be so close that one State more was necessary. The State of Nevada was organized and admitted into the Union to answer that purpose. I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a State; but when I hear that complaint, I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying, "It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million of soldiers."

In March, 1864, the question of allowing Nevada to form a State government finally came up in the House of Representatives. There was strong opposition to it. For a long time beforehand the question had been canvassed anxiously. At last, late one afternoon, the President came into my office, in the third story of the War Department. He used to come there sometimes rather than send for me, because he was fond of walking and liked to get away from the crowds in the White House. He came in, and shut the door.

"Dana," he said, "I am very anxious about this vote. It has got to be taken next week. The time is very short. It is going to be a great deal closer than I wish it was."

"There are plenty of Democrats who will vote for it," I replied. "There is James E. English of Connecticut; I think he is sure, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he is sure on the merits of the question."

"Then," said I, "there's 'Sunset' Cox of Ohio. How is he?"

"He is sure and fearless. But there are some others that I am not clear about. There are three that you can deal with better than anybody else, perhaps, as you know them all. I wish you would send for them."

He told me who they were; it isn't necessary to repeat the names here. One man was from New Jersey and two from New York.

"What will they be likely to want?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the President; "I don't know. It makes no difference, though, what they want. Here is the alternative: that we carry this vote, or be compelled to raise another million, and I don't know how many more, men, and fight no one knows how long. It is a question of three votes or new armies."

"Well, sir," said I, "what shall I say to these gentlemen?"

"I don't know," said he; "but whatever promise you make to them I will perform."

I sent for the men and saw them one by one. I found that they were afraid of their party. They said that some fellows in the party would be down on them. Two of them wanted internal revenue collectors' appointments. "You shall have it," I said. Another one wanted a very important appointment about the custom-house

of New York. I knew the man well whom he wanted to have appointed. He was a Republican, though the Congressman was a Democrat. I had served with him in the Republican county committee of New York. The office was worth perhaps $20,000 a year. When the Congressman stated the case, I asked him, "Do you want that?"

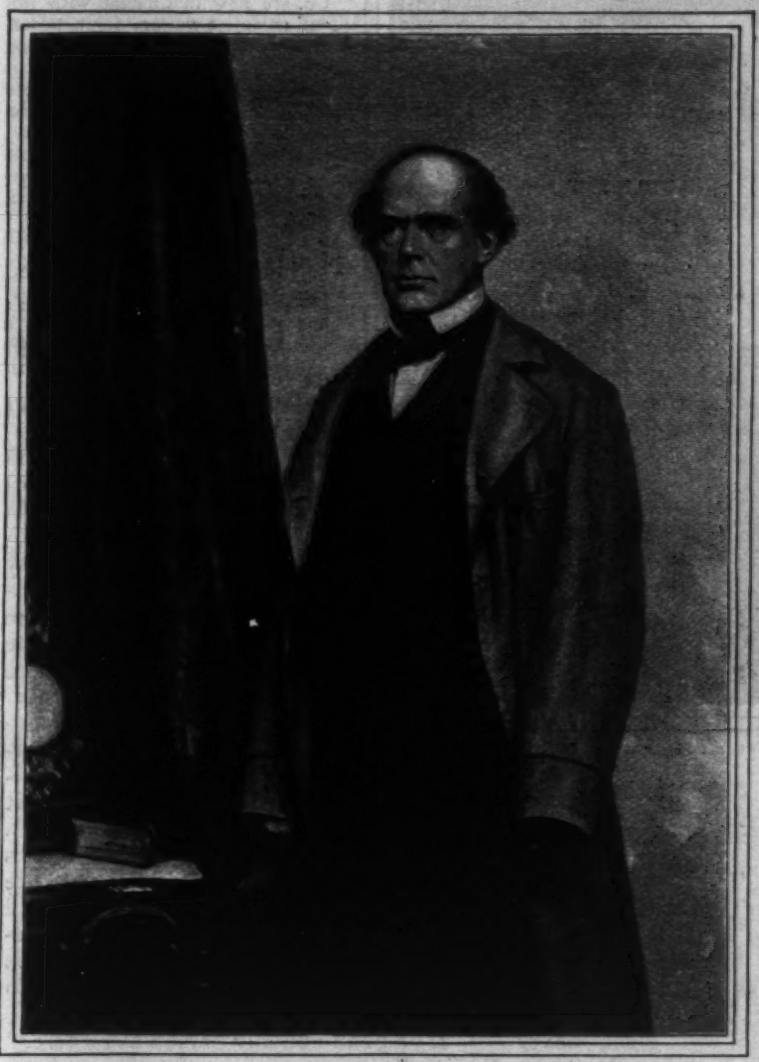
"Yes," said he.

"Well," I answered, "you shall have it."

"I understand, of course," said he, "that you are not saying this on your own authority?"

"Oh, no," said I; "I am saying it on the authority of the President."

Well, these men voted that Nevada be allowed to form a State government, and thus they helped secure the vote which was required. The next October the President signed the proclamation admitting the State. In the February following, Nevada was one of the States which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment, by which slavery was abolished by constitutional prohibition in all of the United States. I have always felt that this little piece of side politics was one of the most judicious, humane, and wise uses of executive authority that I ever assisted in or witnessed.



SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1808; DIED, 1873.

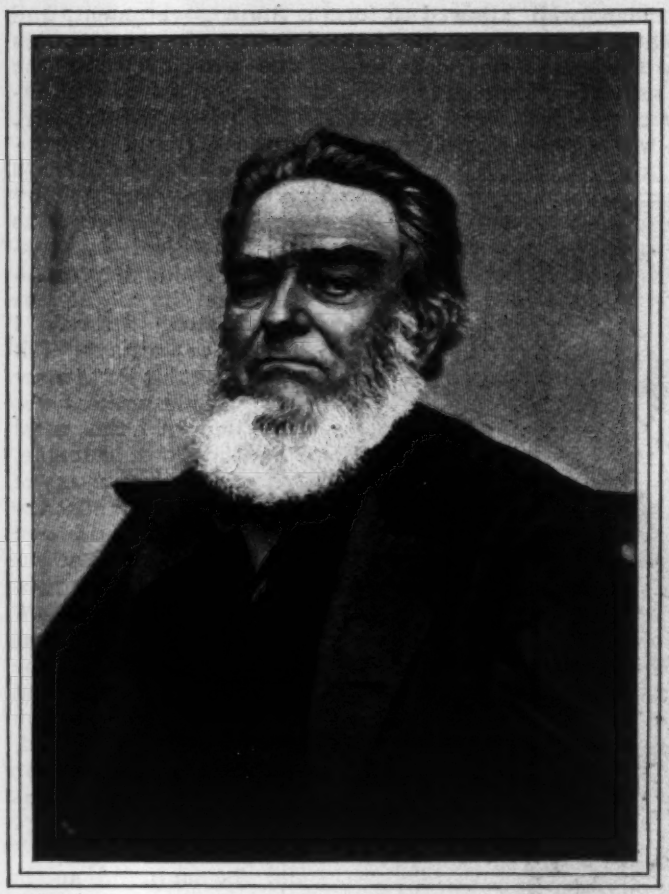
The appointment in the New York custom-house was to wait until the term of the actual incumbent had run out. My friend, the Democratic Congressman, was quite willing. "That's all right," he said; "I am in no hurry." Well, before the time had expired, Mr. Lincoln was murdered and Andrew Johnson became President. I was in the West, when one day I got a telegram from Roscoe Conkling:

"Come to Washington." So I went.

"I want you to go and see President Johnson," Mr. Conkling said, "and tell him that the appointment of this man to the custom-house is a sacred promise of Mr. Lincoln and that it must be kept."

Then I went to the White House, and saw President Johnson.

"This is Mr. Lincoln's promise," I urged. "He regarded it as saving the necessity of another call for troops and raising, perhaps, a million more men, to continue the war. I trust, Mr. President,



EDWARD BATES, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1793; DIED, 1869.

that you will see your way clear to execute this promise."

"Well, Mr. Dana," he replied, "I don't say that I won't; but I have observed in the course of my experience that such bargains tend to immorality."

The appointment was not made. I am happy to say, however, that the gentleman to whom the promise was given never found any fault either with President Lincoln or with the Assistant Secretary who had been the means of making the promise to him.

One of the cleverest minor political moves which Mr. Lincoln ever made was an appointment he once gave Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley never approved of Mr. Lincoln's manner of conducting the war, and he sometimes abused the President roundly for his deliberation. As the war went on, Greeley grew more and more irritable, because the administration did not make peace on some terms. Finally, in July, 1864, he received a letter from a pretended agent of the Confederate authorities in Canada, saying:

"I am authorized to state to you, for your use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House to have a private interview; or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come on and meet you. He says the whole matter can be consummated by me, them, and President Lincoln."

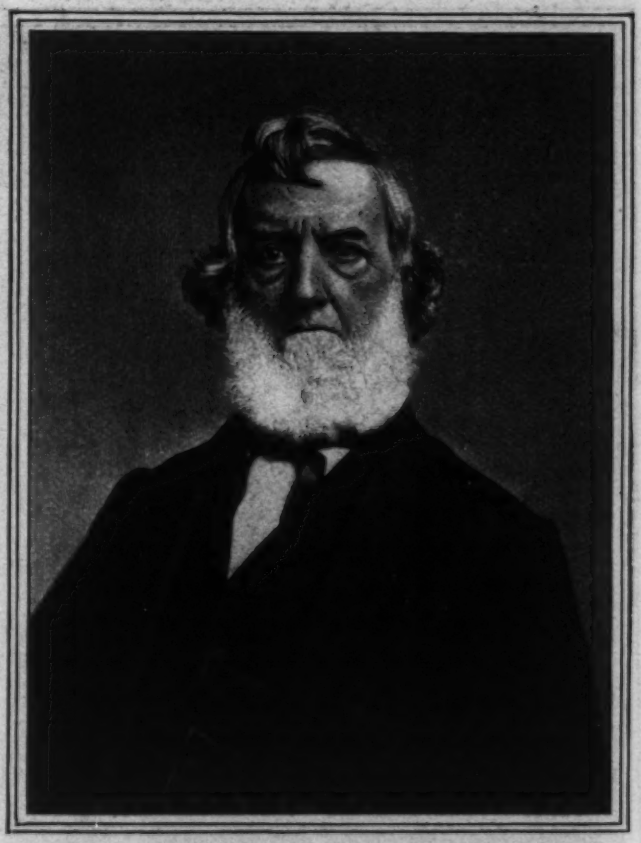
This letter was followed the next day by a telegram, saying: "Will you come here? Parties have full power."

Upon receiving this letter Mr. Greeley wrote to President Lincoln, more or less in the strain of the articles that he had published in the "Tribune." He complained bitterly of the way the business of the government was managed in the great crisis, and told the President that now there was a way open to peace. He explained that the Confederates wanted a conference, and he told Mr. Lincoln that he thought that he ought to appoint an ambassador, or a diplomatic agent, of the United States Government, to meet the Confederate agents at Niagara and hear what they had to say. Mr. Lincoln immediately responded by asking Mr. Greeley to be himself that representative and to go to Niagara Falls.

"If you can find any person anywhere," the President wrote, "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at the least have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses) to the point where you shall have met him. The same, if there be two or more persons."

Mr. Greeley went to Niagara, but his mission ended in nothing. The poor man, led astray by too great confidence, failed

in his undertaking and was almost universally laughed at. I saw the President not long after that, and he said, with a funny twinkle in his eye: "I sent Brother Greeley a commission. I guess I am about even with him now."



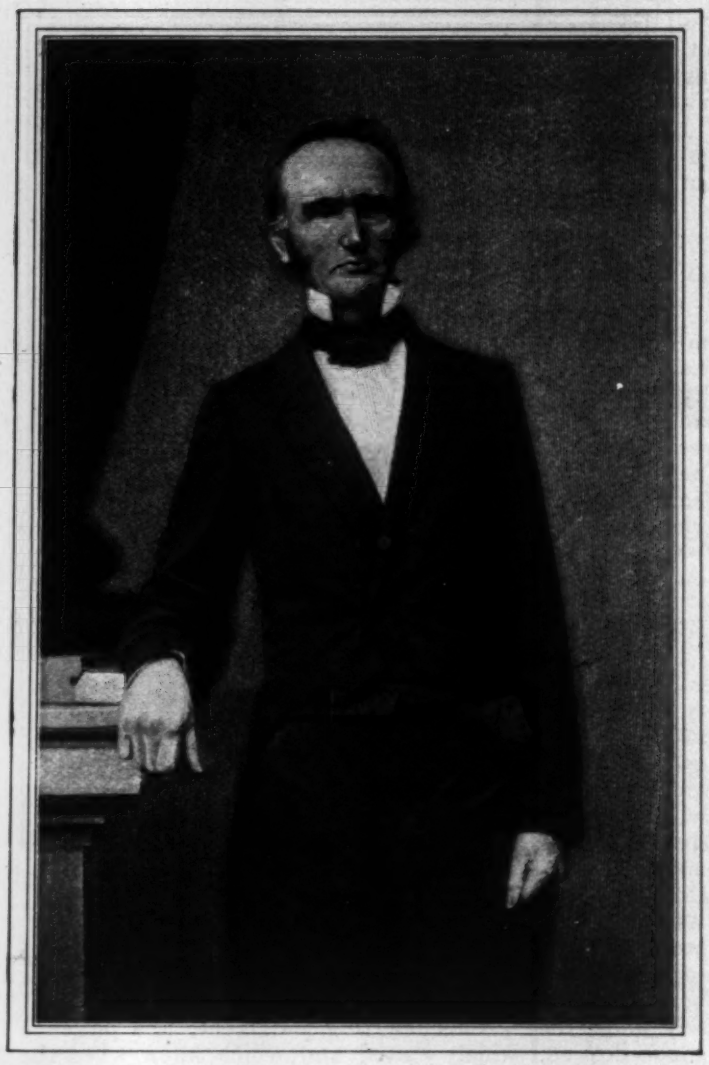
GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1802; DIED, 1878.

THE CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln had the most comprehensive, the most judicious mind; he was the least faulty in his conclusions of any man I have ever known. He never stepped too soon, and he never stepped too late. When the whole Northern country seemed to be clamoring for him to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery, he didn't do it. Deputation after deputation went to Washington. I remember once a hundred gentlemen, dressed in black coats, mostly clergymen, from Massachusetts, came to Washington to appeal to him to proclaim the abolition of slavery. But he did not do it. He allowed Mr. Cameron and General Butler to execute their great idea of treating slaves as contraband of war and protecting those who had got into our lines against being recaptured by their Southern owners; but he would not prematurely make the proclamation that was so much desired. Finally the time came, and of that he was the judge. Nobody else decided it; nobody commanded it; the proclamation was issued as he thought best, and it was efficacious. The people of the North, who during the long contest over slavery had always stood strenuously by the compromises of the constitution, might themselves have become half rebels if this proclamation had been issued too soon. At last they were tired of waiting, tired of endeavoring to preserve even a show of regard for what was called "the compromises of the constitution" when they believed the constitution itself was in danger. Thus public opinion was ripe when the proclamation came, and that was the beginning of the end. He could have issued this proclamation a year before, perhaps, and the consequence of it might have been our entire defeat; but when it came it did its work, and it did us no harm whatever. Nobody protested against it, not even the Confederates themselves.

This unerring judgment, this patience which waited and which knew when the right time had arrived, is an intellectual quality that I do not find exercised upon any such scale and with such unerring precision by any other man in history. It proves Abraham Lincoln to have been intellectually one of the greatest of rulers. If we look through the record of great men, where is there one to be placed beside him? I do not know.

Another interesting fact about Abraham Lincoln is that he developed into a great military man; that is to say, a man of supreme military judgment. I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war and study the writings relating to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years of constant practice in the science and art of war, he ar-



MONTGOMERY BLAIR, POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1813; DIED, 1883.

rived at this extraordinary knowledge of it, so that Von Moltke was not a better general, or an abler planner or expounder of a campaign, than was President Lincoln. To sum it up, he was a born leader of men. He knew human nature; he knew what chord to strike, and was never afraid to strike it when he believed that the time had arrived.

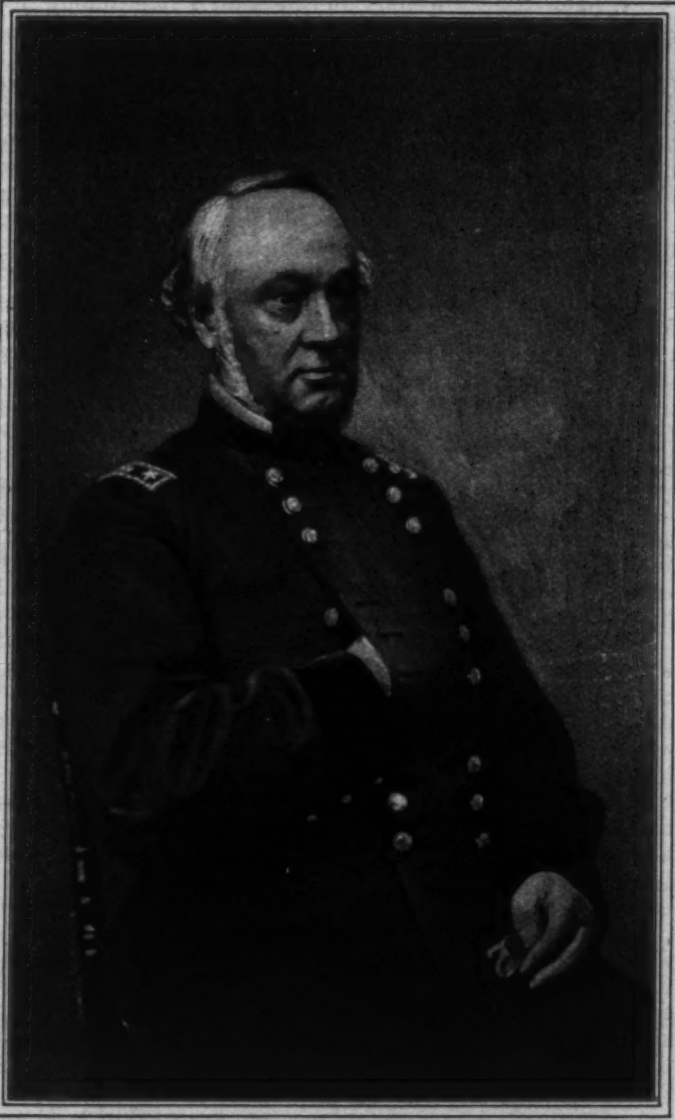
Mr. Lincoln was not what is called an educated man. In the college that he attended a man gets up at daylight to hoe corn, and sits up at night by the side of a burning pine-knot to read the best book he can find. What education he had, he had picked up. He had read a great many books, and all the books that he had read he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing. He never took an unimportant point and went off upon that; but he always laid hold of the real question, and attended to that, giving no more thought to other points than was indispensably necessary.

Thus, while we say that Mr. Lincoln was an uneducated man in the college sense, he had a singularly perfect education in regard to everything that concerns the practical affairs of life. His judgment was excellent, and his information was always accurate. He knew what the thing was. He was a man of genius, and contrasted with men of education the man of genius will always carry the day. Many of his speeches illustrate this.

I remember very well Mr. Stanton's comment on the Gettysburg speeches of Edward Everett and Mr. Lincoln. "Edward Everett has made a speech," he said, "that will make three columns in the newspapers, and Mr. Lincoln has made a speech of perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possibility. It is elegant, and it is learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks in the English language."

That was the truth. Who ever thinks of or reads Everett's Gettysburg speech now? If one will compare those two speeches he will get an idea how superior genius is to education; how superior that intellectual faculty is which sees the vitality of a question and knows how to state it; how superior that intellectual faculty is which regards everything with the fire of earnestness in the soul, with the relentless purpose of a heart devoted to objects beyond literature.

Another remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's was that he seemed to have no illusions. He had no freakish notions that things were so, or might be so, when they were not so. All his thinking and reasoning, all his mind, in short, was based continually upon actual facts, and upon facts of which, as I said, he saw the essence. I never heard him say anything that was not so. I never heard him foretell things; he told what they were, but I never heard him intimate that such and such consequences were likely to happen without the consequences following. I should say, perhaps, that his greatest quality was wisdom. And that is something superior to talent, superior to education. It is again genius; I do not think it can be acquired. All the advice that he gave was wise, and it was always timely. This wisdom, it is scarcely necessary to add, had its animating philosophy in his own famous words, "With charity toward all, with malice toward none."



H. W. HALLECK, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FROM JULY 23, 1862, TO MARCH 12, 1864. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

Another remarkable quality of Mr. Lincoln was his great mercifulness. A thing it seemed as if he could not do was to sign a death warrant. One day General Augur, who was the major-general commanding the forces in and around Washington, came to my office and said:

"Here is So-and-So, a spy. He has been tried by court-martial; the facts are perfectly established; he has been sentenced to death, and here is the warrant for his execution, which is fixed for to-morrow morning at six o'clock. The President is away. If he were here, the man certainly wouldn't be executed. He isn't here. I think it very essential to the safety of the service and the safety of everything that an example should be made of this spy. They do us great mischief; and it is very important that the law which all nations recognize in dealing with spies, and the punishment which every nation assigns to them, should be inflicted upon at least one of these wretches who haunt us around Washington. Do you know whether the President will be back before morning?"

"I understand that he won't be back until to-morrow afternoon," I replied.

"Well, as the President is not here, will you sign the warrant?"

"Go to Mr. Stanton," I said; "he is the authority."

"I have been to him, and he said I should come to you."

Well, I signed the order; I agreed with General Augur in his view of the question. At about eleven o'clock the next day I met the general. "The President got home at two o'clock this morning," he said, "and he stopped it all."

But it was not only in matters of life and death that Mr. Lincoln was merciful. He was kind at heart towards all the world. I noticed his sweetness of nature particularly with his little son, a child at that time perhaps seven or nine years old, who used to roam the departments and whom everybody called "Tad." He had a defective palate, and couldn't speak very plainly. Often I have sat by his father, reporting to him some important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his knee. While he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child.

He was good to everybody. Once there was a great gathering at the White House on New Year's day, and all the diplomats came in their uniforms, and all the officers of the army and navy in Washington were in full costume. A little girl of mine said, "Papa, couldn't you take me over to see that?" I said, Yes; so I took her over and put her in a corner, where she beheld the gorgeous show. When it was finished, I went up to Mr. Lincoln and said, "I have a little girl here who wants to shake hands with you." He went over to her, and took her up and kissed her and talked to her. She will never forget it if she lives to be a thousand years old.

BACK TO THE FRONT.

I remained in Washington the entire winter of 1863–64, occupied mainly with the routine business of the Department. Meantime the Chattanooga victory had made Grant the great military figure of the country, and deservedly so. The grade of lieutenant-general had been immediately revived by act of Congress, and the President had promptly promoted him to the new rank, and made him general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. His military prestige was such that everything was put into his hands, everything yielded to his wishes. The coming of Grant was a great relief to the President and the Secretary. Halleck, the late general-in-chief, consented to serve as Grant's chief-of-staff in Washington, practically continuing his old service of chief military adviser to the President and the Secretary of War, while Grant took the field in active direction of operations against Richmond. Halleck was not thought to be a great man in the field, but he was nevertheless a man of military ability, and by reason of his great accomplishments in the technics of armies and of war was almost invaluable as an adviser to the civilians Lincoln and Stanton. He was an honest man, perhaps something lacking in moral courage, yet earnest and energetic in his efforts to sustain the national government. I have heard Halleck accused of being unjust to his inferiors, especially Grant. I believe this wrong. I never thought him unjust to anybody. He always had his own ideas, and insisted strenuously on following his own course, but I never detected a sign of injustice in his conduct towards others. I think this false impression came from the fact that he was a very critical man. The first impulse of his mind towards a new plan was not enthusiasm; it was analysis, criticism. His habit of picking men and manners to pieces to see what they were worth gave the idea that he was unjust and malicious towards certain of his subordinates.

It was March when Grant came to Washington to receive his new grade of lieutenant-general. Soon afterwards he joined the Army of the Potomac. On the 4th of May he had moved out from Culpeper, where the army had been in winter quarters since the previous December, and crossed the Rapidan with an effective force of 120,000 men. General Lee, his opponent, had about 70,000.

For two days after Grant moved we had no authentic reports from the army, although it was known that great events were transpiring. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln had begun to get uneasy. The evening of May 6th I was at a reception, when a messenger came with summons to the War Department. I hurried over to the office in evening dress. The President was there, talking very soberly with Stanton.

"Dana," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know we have been in the dark for two days since Grant moved. We are very much troubled, and have concluded to send you down there. How soon can you start?"

"In half an hour," I replied.

In about that time I had an engine fired up at Alexandria, and a cavalry escort of a hundred men awaiting me there. I had gotten into my camp clothes, had bor-

rowed a pistol, and with my own horse was aboard the train at Maryland Avenue that was to take me to Alexandria. My only baggage was a tooth-brush. I was just starting, when an orderly galloped up with word that the President wished to see me. I rode back to the Department in hot haste. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the same place.

"Well, Dana," said he, looking up, "since you went away I've been thinking about it. I don't like to send you down there."

"But why not, Mr. President?" I asked, a little surprised.

"You can't tell," continued the President, "just where Lee is or what he is doing, and Jeb Stuart is rampaging around pretty lively in between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. It's a considerable risk, and I don't like to expose you to it."

"Mr. President," I said, "I have a cavalry guard ready and a good horse myself. If we are attacked, we probably will be strong enough to fight. If we are not strong enough to fight, and it comes to the worst, we are equipped to run. It's getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight. I think I'll start."

"Well, now, Dana," said the President, with a little twinkle in his eyes, "if you feel that way, I rather wish you would. Good night, and God bless you."

By seven o'clock the morning of May 7th I was at the Rappahannock, where I found a rear guard of the army. I stopped there for breakfast, and then hurried on to Grant's headquarters, which were at Piney Branch Meeting House. There I learned of the crossing of the Rapidan by our army, and of the desperate battle of the Wilderness on May 5th and 6th.

CUPID'S MESSENGER.

By Gertrude Adams.

MISS PORTER, the learned Ph.D. and professor of logic, sat in her study in their joint apartments looking up some points on fallacies. Edith was in the reception-room adjoining, and although the door was closed, Miss Porter knew from the earnest masculine voice that occasionally interrupted the feminine treble that the persevering Mr. Paul Verdenal had again appeared to waste two or three hours of Edith's time. Edith had come to New York to pursue music, and Mr. Verdenal had come to New York to pursue Edith. Mr. Verdenal, apparently, that afternoon, had the inside track. At last there was the sound of a closing door, and Edith appeared in the study.

"He's—he's asked me," she said, walking to the window and frowning out at the Palisades.

"Did you tell him yes or no?" Miss Porter inquired crisply.

"Dear me, I didn't tell him either," the girl replied. "A question like that, a question of your whole future happiness, you know, could scarcely be decided upon in one mad instant, and I've a short enough time as it is, heaven knows. I've given my word of honor to send an answer to the steamer before ten to-night. That means getting a messenger-boy——"

"Special delivery is cheaper and just as sure. The postman collects at five," interrupted Miss Porter.

"That gives me only two hours to think it over. Still, if I can save as much as fifteen cents, it's worth the extra brain pressure. You see," the girl went on, "he—Mr. Verdenal—Paul—Mrs. Paul Verdenal—" she said meditatively, and then stopped, blushing and smiling all to herself. It was fully five minutes before she came out of the sentimental labyrinth in which she had lost herself. "Paul," she resumed, at length, "sails to-morrow noon for South America. It's a good long eighteen months' mining contract this time; so, of course, he wants all his business settled up before he sails, and——"

"And you are to be settled up, too, along with the other unfinished business," Miss Porter supplied.

"Yes," she said; "and he wanted me to tell him right smack off whether I would or wouldn't. He's so awfully direct. 'Come,' he said, 'you know whether it's yes or no.' But I begged for a little time. He has a lot of business down town to see about, so he can't come up town again to find out. My answer must be at the steamer for him. He's

going aboard to-night, so that he can see about the loading of his mining things early to-morrow morning. He was awfully curt when I told him I couldn't for the life of me tell him yes or no. Oh, dear, I dare say he fancied—well, I don't know what. And here it is after three!"

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror over the fireplace, and then gazed half enviously at Miss Porter, who was cutting her way through the pages of a thick logic with the complacent expression of one whose mind is at ease.

"It means giving up my freedom," Edith said wistfully, looking at Miss Porter and inviting contradiction.

"A married woman is under the thumb of her husband," that lady found time to say, as she slid her paper-knife between the leaves.

Edith wriggled uneasily.

"Don't," she said; "I feel as though an iron clamp or vise was around somewhere. Does Paul strike you as a tyrannical sort of man?"

"He's the sort of man who would be master in his own house, I think," said Miss Porter.

"Oh, well," said Edith, cocking her head on one side and looking critically at Miss Porter, "after all, what do you know about him? You can't judge him, you really can't, from the little you have seen of him. And, besides, you've always managed to get on the wrong subjects with him—women's having latch-keys, and their going alone to the theaters at night. He never shows off at his best on those subjects, because he has such mediæval opinions, you know. But, anyway, tyrannical or not, I should loathe a man I could twist around my finger; now, wouldn't you?"

"'HE'S—HE'S ASKED ME,' SHE SAID, WALKING TO THE WINDOW AND FROWNING OUT AT THE PALISADES."

"I should not, under any circumstances, enjoy life with a bully," rejoined Miss Porter, after a moment's thought.

"We are not considering life with a bully," said Edith, "we are considering life with a mining engineer."

She seated herself at Miss Porter's desk, and began pulling over the note paper.

"I'm going to write here, if you don't mind," she said. "I don't want to go

to my own desk. It's stuffed so full of Paul's letters that I haven't room for a thing in it."

She seized a pen, and began scratching away.

"If you have any advice to offer," she said, while she was writing, "speak now. It's your last chance."

"If you love him," said Miss Porter deliberately, "tell him yes. If you do not love him, tell him no."

"Thank you," laughed Edith. "Oh, wise and upright Ph.D., you have made it so very clear and simple. I see my way perfectly."

At the end of ten minutes Edith's voice broke the silence.

"Do you want to hear this?"

Miss Porter signified her willingness.

Edith read aloud, slowly and impressively:

"*Dear Paul*,—I have thought it all over very carefully, and it seems to me I am not the kind of woman to make you happy. This is my final decision. I most earnestly trust that it will make no difference in our friendship.

"Yours very sincerely,
"EDITH ARMITAGE."

"A BLUE SCARF FLOATED STEADILY OUT IN THE OCTOBER BREEZE."

There was silence for a moment.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Edith asked.

"I think it sounds a little—cold," said Miss Porter.

"Well, you can't make that sort of letter sound very warm and effusive," Edith replied calmly; "but now how's this?"

She took up a sheet of blue note paper, and began reading aloud:

"'Dear, dear Paul;'" she got no further, however, and after a moment's hesitation, she handed the note to Miss Porter, who quickly read this brief note upon the blue paper:

"*Dear, dear Paul*—Yes, yes, yes. You asked me three times this afternoon the same question, and I have answered you now for all time.

"EDITH."

"But why two?" asked Miss Porter, with a puzzled frown, as she gave back the note, "and which are you going to send?"

"I don't know yet," she said. "I have until five to decide, and I want them both ready, so that I shall be perfectly free to think up to the last minute, and then I am prepared for whatever I decide upon. Now I am going off by myself, so that I can have it perfectly quiet to think."

She disappeared, and five minutes later the "Du und Du Waltz" awoke the echoes of the quiet apartment. Miss Porter recollected Edith's saying that when she and Paul were children together, in San Francisco, they used to waltz to the "Du und Du," and Miss Porter concluded that playing this waltz was Edith's way of thinking.

Ten minutes later the "Du und Du" died a harmonic death, and twenty minutes later Edith appeared in the study in her bicycle suit.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she announced. "But I am going out on my wheel. I can always think better when I am whizzing along in the open air. You can't think, you know, all stewed up in a little apartment."

She was buttoning her jacket, and tucking in the long ends of a blue Liberty scarf which she had around her neck, as she spoke.

"Are your eyes good?" she demanded abruptly.

"I can tell a hawk from a handsaw," Miss Porter replied.

"Yes, but at what range? Come here to the window," she commanded.

Miss Porter rose, and crossed the room.

"Do you see that car," Edith asked, "down by the hospital? What color is it?"

"Blue," replied Miss Porter.

"Good," exclaimed the examiner. "Now, I am going out for my spin, and I am going to think all the time, and at about five minutes to five I shall ride up to that corner, and I shall signal to you which letter you are to post to Paul. If I wave my handkerchief, put the special delivery stamp on the white envelope and send it; and if I wave my blue scarf, then send the blue one."

"Child's play," Miss Porter commented, with a smile. "Why don't you take them both with you, and send the one you want to send yourself?"

"I should have to carry them in my pocket, which would spoil the hang of my skirt; and, besides, I might—I am in such an agony of doubt—send them both," the girl replied.

When she had gone, Miss Porter tried to settle down to the quiet reading which her soul loved; but after each paragraph she gave a startled look at the clock, fearing that her absorption might tempt the hands of the clock to more rapid movement than the government allows. At ten minutes of five, with a look of relief, she rose and went to the window. Promptly at the appointed time she saw Edith flash into sight around the corner of St. Luke's Hospital. The opera glasses which Miss Porter focused upon her, revealed her riding slowly about in a circle, fumbling at her jacket. Presently she turned her wheel so that it faced Miss Porter, and as she rode half up the street, and then turned and rode down again, a blue scarf floated steadily out in the October breeze, adding a new note of color to the red sunset clouds that were sending their glow over the Palisades and across the Hudson.

Miss Porter turned from the window as Edith wheeled away to the Boulevard.

At five o'clock there was in the hands of the postman a letter in a blue envelope, addressed:

"Mr. Paul Verdenal,
"S.S. 'Advance,'
"West Twenty-seventh Street Pier,
"New York."

Edith was back just in time to dress for dinner.

"We must go somewhere," she said to Miss Porter, who seemed inclined to protest. "I can't bear to be left alone with my thoughts any longer; I want a radical change of atmosphere and tone. Now, what do you say to our going after dinner to that place where that English music-hall singer is?"

"HE PULLED HIS CHAIR NEARER AND LEANED ON THE EDGE OF THE BOX-RAIL."

Miss Porter said several things, and would have said several more had not Edith interrupted her with, "Yes, I know it's smoky and all that, but it's perfectly respectable, oh, perfectly; and I've often heard you say you were thankful that you were sufficiently emancipated to go without fear anywhere in New York where a respectable man would go. And from the point of view of my music, it is really my duty to go. The newspapers and the musical journals say it is really something new in the way of recitative singing."

The programme had already begun when she and Miss Porter took their seats quite far back in the music-hall, and gazed

through the air blue with smoke at an expert juggler juggling with hoops and glass balls. Miss Porter tired of him soon, and interested herself in watching the house. While she was gazing about, a party of men filed into one of the stage-boxes. They were not in evening dress; indeed one of the men wore rough tweeds. There was something familiar to Miss Porter in the appearance of the one thus clad—something in his carriage, for she could not see his face. After he sat down, he turned slightly and lighted his cigarette.

"It's Paul Verdenal," exclaimed Miss Porter.

Edith turned about quickly, and glanced in the direction in which Miss Porter was looking. She did not speak.

There were five men in the box, and they seemed to be in the gayest mood as they talked and laughed and smoked. A hopeless "left-out" expression slowly spread itself over Edith's face.

The juggler meanwhile vanished from the stage in a whirlwind of glass balls and hoops, and an Irish "lady artiste" of imposing height and magnificent breadth advanced to the front of the stage and began a stentorian music-hall recitative, "Ain't I a nice little gurrul?"

"AN EXPERT JUGGLER JUGGLING WITH HOOPS AND GLASS BALLS."

The box full of men clapped enthusiastically. Paul Verdenal's shoulders shook with convulsive enjoyment at each repetition of the coy inquiry. He pulled his chair nearer and leaned on the edge of the box-rail as his interest waxed.

"Come, let's go," said Edith, with a little gasp. "That woman is singing off the key, and this smoke is choking me."

When they were once again in the cool night air and had turned into Broadway, Edith spoke:

"Do you know," she began, "Paul said business would keep him down-town? Now, I don't think going to a place like that is business."

"It must be," murmured Miss Porter; "for it certainly isn't pleasure."

"He said," Edith went on in a sepulchral tone, "'I am so sorry I can't see you again; but business, and saying good-by to one or two old friends, sandwiched in between, will keep me down-town until I sail.' Those were his very words. And he said, too, he couldn't draw a free breath until he knew whether he could look forward to a—a—a—well, have me, you know. Now, for a man who has said all that, I really do think he is enjoying himself amazingly, don't you?"

Miss Porter acknowledged that Paul Verdenal, with his fate hanging in the balance, gave every evidence of a man who was on very good terms with the world.

They walked after this for some time in silence. When they were opposite Madison Square Edith spoke again, very gravely.

"That letter this afternoon was sent off without due deliberation. I am going to ask you to do something for me. They say the friendship of women isn't like the friendship of men; but you will be as faithful as a man friend, won't you?"

"I will try to be," Miss Porter replied cautiously.

"Will you go down to that steamer and get Paul to give me back that letter I sent him? You may tell him that you sent it, and that I want it back; that there is a mistake about it. He won't refuse you. If you go over at once, you will be there when he goes aboard. He said he would go aboard at ten. Tell him that he shall have his answer from me before he sails to-morrow noon. Now go; get a cab."

"But, Edith," remonstrated Miss Porter, "why do you want me to go to the steamer? You can write and tell him that you have changed your mind."

"No, no; it's cruel to let him read that note of mine and then get another note from me taking it all back. Now, do go. I have such a strong intuition that I have made a mistake. I don't think he cares for me as he vows he does, and his tastes are wholly different from mine. Now go; take a cab."

Edith gave one final imploring glance in Miss Porter's direction, and then darted out into the middle of the street, toward a cable-car which had stopped at her signal.

A few moments later, Miss Porter, characteristically disregarding the expensive cab advice, got into a cross-town car and jogged thoughtfully over to the West Side. From the terminus she walked up to Twenty-seventh Street. It was not a pleasant walk; but the thought that she compared most favorably with any faithful friend of the other sex cheered Miss Porter's uneven path over rough cobblestones and past forbidding warehouses.

As she walked down the long pier, fragrant with licorice and other South American products, an unpleasant thought assailed her. Who could tell how long she might be forced to wait for the festive Mr. Verdenal? Might he not prolong his farewell ceremonies until cock-crow?

Notwithstanding these cheerless forebodings, Miss Porter walked resolutely up the gang-plank and sat down on the deck of the clean white steamer.

There was an unusually heavy cargo to be shipped South, and, late as it was, great trucks and wagons came rolling down the pier with freight to be loaded into the hold.

One of the ship's officers appeared on the deck, and, as he was pacing slowly by her, Miss Porter stopped him to explain that she was waiting to see a Mr. Verdenal who expected to come aboard that night. She also asked if it would be possible to ascertain whether a special delivery letter addressed to Mr. Verdenal had been received on the steamer. The officer sent some one below to inquire. Presently the man returned to say that there were several letters awaiting Mr. Verdenal, but none of them bore a special delivery stamp.

After this information, and while Miss Porter was strolling restlessly toward the forward end of the deck, there was a sound of light wheels rolling down the pier. She turned quickly and walked over to the deck-rail. A hansom had paused at the gang-plank, and two men got out. One of them she recognized as Paul. He and his companion hurried up the gangway, and before she had time to reach them they were on their way down into the saloon.

She waited on deck, slightly annoyed at the delay, but secure in the knowledge that Edith's letter had not yet been delivered.

Presently they were heard coming up the stairs, but Paul went to his stateroom, and the friend came out on deck alone, sitting down not far from Miss Porter. While she sat there in the half-light, wishing herself well out of the affair, and wondering when Paul would emerge again, he shot suddenly out of the cabin and across the deck to where his friend was sitting.

"It's all right, Jim, old fellow," Miss Porter heard him say. "I wasn't at all sure. But it went, after all, straight as water through a sluice-box. The matter's clinched now."

Then, to the amazement of Miss Porter, Paul executed a sort of clog-dance in front of his friend, who evidently had seen enough of that sort of thing at the music-hall; for he seized Paul by the arm, took the pipe from between his own lips, and growled out:

"Well, keep your hair on, old man. You're not the first fish that's been hooked."

Miss Porter fancied from this, to her, half-foreign language, that Paul had received good news from some business venture; and, rising, she walked to the other end of the deck, until he should be quiet enough to behave like a rational being.

It was getting late, and as no messenger had come aboard since her arrival, it seemed to her foolhardy to wait until the delivery of the letter. She concluded, therefore, that she would pledge Paul upon his honor to return to Edith, unopened, the letter for which she had come. This required tactful handling, and she was mentally rehearsing an opening plea, when she heard quick steps behind her. Turning, she faced Paul Verdenal.

"You? Miss Porter!" he exclaimed; then he swiftly concealed his overpowering amazement, like the well-bred man he was. "The steward just told me that there was a lady who had been waiting to see me for some time, but I could not imagine who it could be."

"Mr. Verdenal," Miss Porter began, "Miss Armitage——"

"Edith," he interrupted, with a radiant smile. "Of course, you know all about it. She told me she was going to consult you. She has the greatest opinion of your judgment, you know. Yes, I've just got her note," he rattled on, not noticing Miss Porter's start of surprise, for he seemed totally lost in a mist of amiable joyousness. "Edith said she would have it here by ten. I got here to the minute, but the note was nowhere to be found in the saloon. I was completely bowled over. You know she always keeps her word. Then I went up to my stateroom, and there I found her note. I was relieved, you can fancy. Tell Edith she can have no idea of the suspense I have been in to-night."

"'YOU? MISS PORTER!' HE EXCLAIMED."

"She perhaps has just a faint idea of it," said Miss Porter.

"Well, possibly," Paul admitted. "And I am so glad that, when Edith consulted you in this little affair, your judgment didn't fail you, Miss Porter."

While Paul, in the excess of his gratitude, was shaking hands with Miss Porter, she suddenly gave his hand a most cordial pressure, and resolved, at that instant, that her duty for the night was over. She could not get the note. Cruel it might be to keep Paul Verdenal in ignorance of the truth, but it was Edith's, not her task to enlighten him. The only task that claimed her attention was the sufficiently difficult one of offering a plausible excuse for her singular appearance on shipboard at that hour of the night.

"It is getting late, Mr. Verdenal," she said, "and I must go. Good-by. You have my best wishes, and I am glad to have had this little glimpse of you. Edith was sure I would see you if I came here at this time."

"And you took all this trouble just to say good-by to me?" he said, looking both touched and amazed, as well he might, at this unexpected devotion on Miss Porter's part. "I was going to ask for you, this afternoon; but the truth is, I forgot all about it. You understand the —the agitation I was in made me forget much that I should have remembered."

He accompanied her with great ceremony down the gangway, and insisted upon sending her home in the cab which was waiting on the pier for his friend.

"Tell Edith," he said, just before the cab turned, "that I shall be up in the morning to see her. I don't sail until noon; so tell her if she has any musical engagements to cut them."

"It's very easy for Edith to change her plans," said Miss Porter, smiling grimly. "I shall deliver your messages."

When she reached home, she found that it would be necessary, before delivering any messages, to awaken Edith. That

young lady was curled up like a kitten, sound asleep, in a nest of pillows upon the broad window seat in Miss Porter's study.

"Well?" she said sleepily, opening her eyes and smiling at Miss Porter, who exclaimed in an indignant voice:

"Edith, you amaze me; you ought to be walking the floor!"

"I did until I got tired; you have been gone such a long, long time."

"He had opened your note," said Miss Porter, sinking into her arm-chair and drawing off her gloves, "before I could speak to him, so I told him nothing. I let him think I was an erratic fool of a woman who took the trouble to wish him *bon voyage* in a romantic, unconventional way. When you write your refusal, do explain briefly about me."

"He had read my note, had he?" said Edith, who was then very wide awake. "How did he seem about it?"

"Very happy," replied Miss Porter; "quite mad with delight. Poor fellow, I never liked him so much as I do to-night, Edith."

"And he was very happy, was he?" said Edith, thoughtfully. "Well, he does think a great deal of me, after all. Do you know—coming home I—I thought I had been a little too hasty in deciding to get the note back."

Edith had here the grace to blush.

"I wish you had been hasty enough to notify me of your change of mind," observed Miss Porter.

"Ah, but I couldn't do that, you know," said Edith. She had piled all the fluffy pillows in her lap, and, resting her round chin on the top of one, she smiled at Miss Porter over the barricade.

"Because, don't you see, it was just the—the thought of your going over there, and undoing my acceptance of him, and making him appear in the light of one lost to me forever, that made me realize how—how much I cared for him after all. It was that thought, and the thought, too, that it wouldn't be long before Paul would be attracted by some other girl; he's a dear fellow, Paul, but fickle, I am afraid. Yes, it was the thought of this other girl's inevitable appearance that made me decide that, even if you did wrest the letter from him, I should send it right back to him the first thing in the morning. Now, you can understand exactly what it was that changed me. It's quite in your line; there's no intuition about it, it's all perfectly logical."

"It's all perfectly dog-in-the-mangerical," replied Miss Porter. "Paul Verdenal deserves to be accepted for some better reason, too."

The pile of pillows was scattered into the four corners of the study. Edith sprang to her feet.

"You dear thing," said she, "you're cross. You don't know it, but you are; and I am going to make you a Welsh rabbit. We'll have a nice little bachelor supper to celebrate my engagement."

"THAT YOUNG LADY WAS CURLED UP LIKE A KITTEN, SOUND ASLEEP."